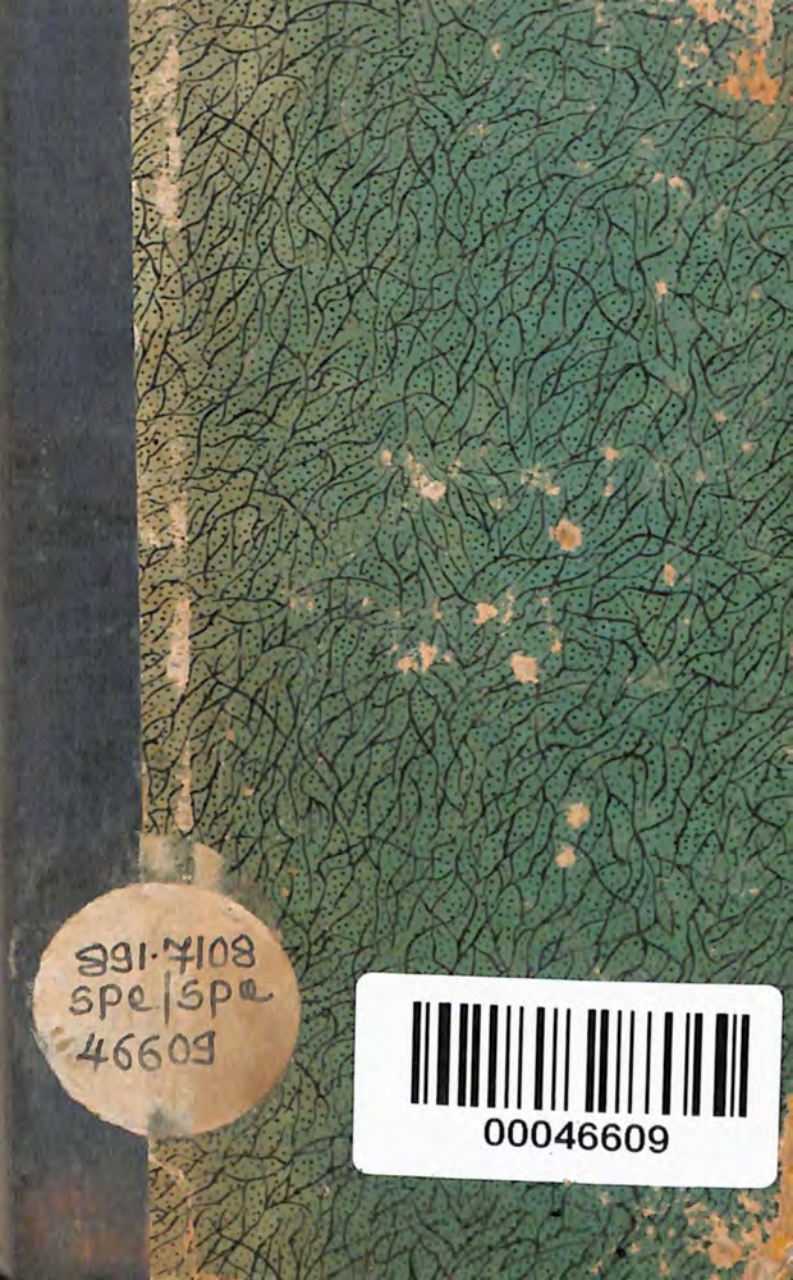
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РОССІЙСКАЯ АНѲОЛОГІЯ.

SPECIMENS

OF THE

RUSSIAN POETS,

WITH

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

PART THE SECOND.

Вамъ вамъ поютъ Хариты!
Безсмертные Сонеты!
Я вами зависть скрушаю
Восторги Аѳинъ
И Сарматы вдохновляю:
О Музы! О Аѳины!

Батюшковъ.

16609

BY

JOHN BOWRING, F.L.S.

AND HONORARY MEMBER OF SEVERAL FOREIGN SOCIETIES.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER,

AVE-MARIA LANE.

1823.

46609.

TO

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY

ALEXANDER,

AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSSIAS,

&c. &c. &c.

THE flattering mark of approbation with which you were pleased to honour the former volume of the Russian Anthology, induces me to inscribe the name of your Majesty upon the dedication page of this.

When the delusions of conquest and the records of political changes shall have passed away, the purer and nobler triumphs of civilization and literature will be remembered, and bear along the stream of time, to the gratitude of future generations, the names of their il-

lustrious protectors. To have contributed to their influence is a glory which no time can tarnish—it is worthy of the worthiest—it will be your highest title—a title brighter than the brightest jewel of your imperial crown.

The destiny of millions is in your Majesty's hands. Under your auspices, your empire has made gigantic strides in knowledge and in power. The future is formed by the present. O, be it your most imperial ambition to make that knowledge and that power the source of virtue and of liberty! Such are the wishes, and such the hopes, of one to whom your reputation is dearer than to a thousand flatterers, and who is, in all sincerity,

Your Majesty's most obedient,
And devoted humble servant,
JOHN BOWRING.

Boulogne Prison,
Oct. 20, 1822.

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INTRODUCTION.

I AM encouraged to commit another volume of 'Specimens of the Russian Poets,' to that opinion which so kindly welcomed, and so favourably judged the former. I write now, instructed, and I hope benefited, by the very extensive notice which the first essay obtained; and I may indulge an honest feeling of complacency and pride in remembering, that, in almost every instance, candour and generosity characterised the literary articles to which my experiment gave birth. I avoided, generally, any criticism on the works for which I requested the patient

judgment of my countrymen. I deemed the object most interesting to trace the early developement of poetical literature in a nation bursting into civilization. The spectacle was before me, and its phenomena left a strong impression on my mind. I was witnessing not a family, not a tribe, not a feeble community passing from barbarism to light and knowledge, but a mighty people whose aspirations after political influence, and whose excitements to foreign conquests, were among the most striking facts which accompanied their onward progress. Others, I thought, could not fail to trace the influence of their early literature upon their future destiny. It was my object to gather together the mementos which their poets strewed around them as they moved forward. I have continued my labours, and I believe, that while philosophy

will find much matter for sober thought in these varied pages, the statesman will do well to study the tendency and the character of that fountain-head of popular feeling whose waters will spread over generations of men, and over the widest empire of the world.

I have said that the intellectual state of a country cannot be judged of by its productions of literature or of art: and I suspect strange delusions exist in our minds with regard to the attainments of the mass of society in those countries which our classical associations hallow with every thing that is bright and beautiful. America has produced no Murillo, no Cervantes, no Calderon; yet who would hesitate to rank her people far above the unenlightened—the brave, the generous, though unenlightened—inhabitants of the European peninsula? The

extreme depression of the many leads to the extraordinary elevation of the few, and poetry sits on the very pinnacle of civilization. It may rear itself like a pyramid, where all around is a waste. So, a land may be covered with verdure and cultivation, where no column is raised to commemorate the past—where no pile makes an appeal to the sympathies of the future —where the generations of men flourish and fade, 'and the place that knew them knows them no more.' The possession of every object of reasonable desire leaves little scope to the imagination, which is the child of hopes and fears. Such a land, however, must necessarily be the abode of freedom, for freedom alone can give that equality of rights whose influence produces universal happiness. A real equality of rights, and of security in their possession, will neces-

sarily bring with them something like an equality of knowledge, at least of that knowledge which has the most direct influence upon human felicity. Well understood freedom is that which provides for the well-being of the great majority of mankind—it is that which leaves in every individual's hand the greatest possible sum of political influence and power which is consistent with the interest of the whole. Despotism is that which provides for a small minority by the sacrifice of the mass of society; it is that which arms itself with the greatest possible sum of authority, and leaves no strength, and will communicate no intelligence to the people. A strong government—a government too strong to be influenced by the national will, and which makes no real appeal to that will, must necessarily be a bad government. That government is alone wise,

and that government is alone legitimate, which requires and possesses the support of popular opinion, and which is too weak to oppose, and too honest to wish to oppose, that sanction by which it was created, and by which it may be destroyed.

The history of time gone by will afford few facts to assist us in judging of the tendencies of those marvellous changes which are now going on in the intellectual world. Truth and knowledge shut up in a few individual minds, and enlightening only a narrow circle already half enlightened, had nothing to connect them with the great masses of society. They were torches which blazed in a chamber, leaving darkness behind them, till other torches were kindled. Now the light of instruction is unextinguished—is inextinguishable. It is not

exclusive in its blessings, nor bounded in its journeyings. Its roots are planted among the poor. They are entering on their heritage, which cannot be taken from them. The treasure is confided to their keeping—to the keeping of the many and the strong.

But though society is obviously tending to a state in which some of its existing gradations must necessarily be destroyed, in which the wider repartition of knowledge must inevitably lead to a more equal distribution of wealth, of political power and of consequent enjoyment, it must be borne in memory, that the influence of intellect is incredibly great, and that the master-minds of a nation give a deep impression to the national character. I have done violence to my feelings by translating many of the military and warlike productions of the Russian poets; but they will not be without their use.

They will serve to show how the feelings of hatred and malevolence are excited; how that love of outrage which is called 'martial spirit' creeps into the bosom of a people, and corrodes all the mild and all the generous virtues. They will show the arts by which the slumbering passions are aroused, and how terrible it is to arouse them. Nor will such compositions excite *our* sympathy—they are directed against us as well as others. Our shame and sin are indeed heavier and older than theirs. Let us never forget, that he who hates another prompts another to hate him. We cannot keep all the malevolence and all the vengeance for ourselves; it will return upon us with renewed strength and redoubled ferocity. The wound may be inflicted for a momentary purpose, but we leave the weapon there to canker and fester for ever.

On other grounds their introduction is almost

indispensable. They are a necessary and an important part of the general picture. Among these compositions, that of Zhukovsky, 'The Minstrel in the Russian Camp,' is perhaps the most popular of modern poetical productions in Russia.

So much for generalities, which I hope will not be thought misplaced. And if some regret be felt, that so many of the Russian poets have followed the example of us, 'the more enlightened nations,' in their admiration of heroes and conquerors, and in their laud of restless and ruthless ambition, some of them are entitled to a higher and a nobler praise—they have sung the gentler influences of truth, and knowledge, and virtue, the progress of civilization, and the spreading happiness of man.

A remark has been made and repeated on

the subject of the former volume: 'These poets have little originality.' Now something must be allowed for the extreme difficulty of preserving in translation all the characteristics of the author. Many phrases cannot be verbally rendered—many associations cannot be felt. To a Russian *red* and *beautiful* are synonymous; he uses the same word for both. How can the imagery of his mind be transferred to an English reader? Besides, too much is expected on the score of originality. Man is every where the same being, with the same feelings and affections, the same senses, and nearly the same desires: their modifications are but slightly varied by circumstances, and the great tablet of nature too has far less variety than we are wont to deem. Does a Russian see any thing brighter than the sun, or vaster than the ocean,

or more beautiful than a cloudless night? Is any thing more venerable than his mountains, or more poetic than his streams? Such are *his* elements of song—are they not also ours? The subjects of poetry too are less extensive while general literature is in its cradle, and their number is still more limited where the form of government prevents the mind from attaining its full expansion, and bars out some of the warmest and sublimest feelings—such as indignation against oppression—and others of the tenderest—such as sympathy with the oppressed. The intenser passions of the poet, unable to exercise themselves in the high range of patriotism, are spent in the songs of love and valour; while his calmer affections dwell among the daily business of society, recording the joy of the parent over the new-born infant, the

rapture of the bridegroom, or the plaints that wail the dead. The poetry which is here presented is the poetry of a highly-imitative, strongly-feeling, but despotically-governed people, erected upon a magnificent, sonorous, and flexible language, blending something of the wildness of oriental character with the sternness and the sobriety of European precision. That the impress of our literature, and that of our neighbours, is to be most distinctly traced, is quite certain. Nearly half the poetry which Russia possesses is translation. Their leading authors have travelled, and have taken back with them the treasures they found: and they have done good service. The most obvious resemblance is to the German school: and to the honour of Germans be it said, that their influence on the civilization of Russia has been

most extensive and most salutary. Their patient industry, their general intelligence, their social habits of life, have so interblended them with the Russian people, working a silent but an effective change, that the whole mass will become leavened with their long-suffering, their industrious, and intellectual virtues. The necessary result of an habitual intercourse with foreign nations—an intercourse established by Peter the Great, and most wisely encouraged by all his successors, was the introduction of models which placed the poets of Russia, as to form at least, on a level with the most cultivated people of the south. Their language easily lent itself to all the varieties of versification, and without the gradations of advancing improvement, they adopted a style of poetical composition which they have found no reason to modify or to change.

On the whole, the present volume will possess a character much more decidedly national than the former. A variety of poems immediately connected with the earlier history of Russia, and others representing the peculiar habits of the Russians, are introduced. The national songs, especially, will, I trust, excite some attention. These are the poetry of the people. These are the fragments whose authors are never raised from the darkness of oblivion—these are the joy and the study of the peasantry, their consolation in the dreariness of their wintry dwellings, conveyed from tongue to tongue through many a generation. These are no subjects for criticism, for criticism cannot reach them—it cannot abstract one voice from the chorus, nor persuade the village youths and maidens that the measure is false, or the music is discordant. The forms of versification, though

some of them are rude and irregular, I have endeavoured to preserve, as a part of their original charm. I have heard them sung in the wooden huts of the cottagers; and have been cheered by them when the boor has whirled me in his uncouth sledge over the frozen snow. The rude melody, often gentle and plaintive, in which they found utterance, still vibrates in my ear. I ask for them no admiration—they are the delight of millions. The fame of the Iliad is nothing to theirs!

I had not seen the *Poetische Erzeugnisse* of Karl Friedrich von der Borg, printed at Dorpat in 1819, when the former volume was published. I confess I was surprised at the almost verbal resemblance of some of his translations to my own. In this second volume I have been able to strengthen myself with his opinion as to the

selection, and to avail myself of his most interesting Specimens for my assistance. His fidelity is admirable.

This volume was written during my solitary confinement in the prison of Boulogne: it made days and hours swift and pleasurable, which might have been most long and wearisome. When my spirit reposed from that exciting indignation which seemed to exhaust its energies, it was among the poets of Sclavonia that it lingered. I shall recal this memorable epoch of my life with gratitude and pride—gratitude to that active sympathy which my situation awakened, and pride in the recollection, that in the darkest moment no dejection, far less despondency, had place in my mind. I could picture, and did picture every thing that injustice, cruelty, and violence, might assemble

for my humiliation or my destruction. I communed with my conscience, and anticipated the worst with cheerfulness. Surely there is something in principles which cannot be shaken by the terrors of life, nor the fears of death.

J. B.

Boulogne Prison,
Oct. 25, 1822.

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Lomonossov.

RUSSIAN ANTHOLOGY.

LOMONOSSOV.

ODE.

FROM JOB.

O MAN! whose weakness dares rebel
Against the Almighty's strength, draw nigh
And listen, for my tongue shall tell
His message from the clouded sky.
Midst rain, and storm, and hail, he spoke,
Around the piercing thunder broke;
At his proud word the clouds disperse,
And thus he shakes the universe:

'Come forth, then, in thy pride and power—
Come answer me, thou son of earth!
Where wert thou in that distant hour
When first I gave creation birth?
When all the mountain's heights were rear'd,
When all the heavenly hosts appear'd,
My wisdom and my strength's display?
Man! let thy towering wisdom say!

'Where wert thou when the stars, new born,
Sprung into light at my command,
And fill'd the bounds of eve and morn,
And sung the intelligence that plann'd
Their course sublime? When first the sun
On wings of glory had begun
His race, and oceans of pure light
Wafted mild Luna through the night.

'Who bid the ascending mountains rise?
Who fix'd the boundary of the sea?
Who, when the waves attack'd the skies,
Confined their furious revelry?

The caverns hid in darkness I
Unveil'd—my breath of majesty
Dispersed the gathering mists—my hand
Divided ocean from the land.

'Say, canst thou bid the morning dawn
At earlier hour than I have given,—
Or water the rain-thirsty lawn
When I have shut the gates of heaven?
Canst thou a favouring breeze prepare
To waft the anxious mariner;
Or guide this earthly ball—to crush
The vile—and the tumultuous hush?

'Say, hast thou scaled the mountain's height,
Or sounded ocean's vast abyss;
Or measured all that infinite
Immensity that o'er thee is?
Or couldst thou ever penetrate
Those clouds so dark, so desolate,
That round death's midnight-portal dwell?
Or dive into the depth of hell?

'Couldst thou with tempests fill the cloud,
The glory of the sun to hide;
And in yon bright cerulean shroud
The lightning and the watery tide:
With swiftly-gathering fiery flash,
And with the mountain-shaking crash,
Tear earth's foundations up, and show
What dust is thy poor world below?

'Tell me, thou scrutinizing mind,
Who leads the eagle's flight sublime?
His pinions are the mighty wind,
His path beyond or earth or time;
Far o'er the sea, on some tall rock,
He looks upon the surge's shock.
Who could his craving wants supply?
Who gave him that sun-dazzling eye?

'Look at the awful behemoth—
Read there, vain man! my power's display:
Go! see him trample, in his wrath,'
The thorny forests in his way.

His veins are hard as cables—try
With him thy arm of potency!
His ribs are brass—his giant horn
Puts all thy boastful strength to scorn.

'Go! hook the huge leviathan,
And draw him subject to the shore;
The ocean is his kingdom—man!
His course, the boundless waters o'er:
The scales upon his sides are bright
As silver shields in Luna's light:
He sees, in mockery, frowning lord!
Thy threatening spear and sharpen'd sword.

'A millstone is his heart—his row
Of teeth like sickles, threat'ning still:
Who shall attack him—here! who?
He waits the strife with ready will.
He basks him in the sunny beam
On the sharp rock—'tis smooth to him—
His strong impenetrable mass
Sleeps as it were on sand or grass.

'When he prepares him for the fray,
The ocean like a furnace gleams;
The thundering surges mark his way,
His anger like a caldron steams;
His eyes with burning fury roll,
As in a forge the scarlet coal.
All fly before him—'Who shall stand
Before my frown, when I command?'

'When my high will creation's plan
And self-supported wisdom drew,
Did I consult thee, feeble man!
To tell me what my hand should do?
Why didst thou not my purpose check,
Thou who wert then an atom speck,
And say, when I was framing thee,
'Why art thou thus creating me?''

Insolent mortal!—bow thy head:
God's wisdom and God's goodness trace;
In the safe path He marks thee—tread—
'Tis He who fix'd thy earthly place;

And joy and grief alike are given
To lead thee on thy way to heaven:
Then hope and bear—in patience bear—
And throw on Him thy woe, thy care.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

O'ER the wide earth yon torch of heavenly light
Its splendour spreads, and God's proud works unveils;
My soul, enraptured at the marvellous sight,
Unwonted peace, and joy, and wonder feels,
And with uplifted thoughts of ecstasy
Exclaims, 'How great must their Creator be!'

O, if a mortal's power could stretch so high—
If mortal sight could reach that glorious sun,
And look undazzled at its majesty,
'Twould seem a fiery ocean burning on
From time's first birth, whose ever-flaming ray
Could ne'er extinguish'd be by time's decay.

There waves of fire 'gainst waves of fire are dashing,
And know no bounds; there hurricanes of flame,
As if in everlasting combat flashing,
Roar with a fury which no time can tame:

There molten mountains boil like ocean-waves,
And rain in burning streams the welkin laves.

But in Thy presence all is but a spark,
A little spark: that wond'rous orb was lighted
By Thy own hand, the dreary and the dark
Pathway of man to cheer—of man benighted;
To guide the march of seasons in their way,
And place us in a paradise of day.

Dull night her sceptre sways o'er plains and hills,
O'er the dark forest and the foaming sea;
Thy wond'rous energy all nature fills,
And leads our thoughts, and leads our hopes to Thee.
How great is God! a million tongues repeat,
And million tongues re-echo, 'God, how great!'

But now again the day-star bursts the gloom,
Scattering its sunshine o'er the opening sky;
Thy eye, that pierces even through the tomb,
Has chased the clouds, has bid the vapours fly;
And smiles of light, descending from above,
Bathe all the universe wih joy and love.

EVENING MEDITATIONS,

ON SEEING THE AURORA BOREALIS.*

The day retires, the mists of night are spread
Slowly o'er nature, darkening as they rise;
The gloomy clouds are gathering round our head,
And twilight's latest glimmering gently dies:
The stars awake in heaven's abyss of blue;
Say, who can count them?—who can sound it?—who?

Even as a sand in the majestic sea,
A diamond-atom on a hill of snow,
A spark amidst a Hecla's majesty,
An unseen mote where maddened whirlwinds blow,
Am I midst scenes like these—the mighty thought
O'erwhelms me—I am nought, or less than nought.

---

* This Ode was given in the first volume, but as it ought to accompany the poem which precedes it, it is now published in another form.

And science tells me that each twinkling star,
That smiles above us, is a peopled sphere,
Or central sun, diffusing light afar;
A link of nature's chain:—and there, even there
The Godhead shines display'd—in love and light,
Creating wisdom—all-directing might.

Where are thy secret laws, O nature! where?
In wintry realms thy dazzling torches blaze,
And from thy icebergs streams of glory there
Are pour'd, while other suns their splendent race
In glory run: from frozen seas what ray
Of brightness?—from yon realms of night what day?

Philosopher, whose penetrating eye
Reads nature's deepest secrets, open now
This all-inexplicable mystery:
Why do earth's darkest, coldest regions glow
With lights like these?—O tell us, knowing one,
For thou dost count the stars, and weigh the sun.

Whence are these varied lamps all lighted round?
Whence all the horizon's glowing fire?—the heaven

Is splendent as with lightning—but no sound
Of thunder—all as calm as gentlest even;
And winter's midnight is as bright, as gay,
As the fair noontide of a summer's day.

What stores of fire are these, what magazine,
Whence God from grossest darkness light supplies?
What wond'rous fabric which the mountains screen,
Whose bursting flames above those mountains rise;
Where rattling winds disturb the mighty ocean,
And the proud waves roll with eternal motion?

Vain is the inquiry—all is darkness—doubt;
This earth is one vast mystery to man.
First find the secrets of this planet out,
Then other planets, other systems scan;
Nature is veil'd from thee, presuming clod!
And what canst thou conceive of Nature's God?

Derzhavin.

DERZHAVIN.

TO A NEIGHBOUR.

For whom these festal luxuries
On Neva's foaming banks—for whom?
'Neath intertwining, shadowing trees,
Where all is flowers, and fruits, and bloom;
Gay Persian tents emboss'd in gold,
And China vases manifold;
And sparkling glass from Austria sent;—
For whom—for what? O why abuse
Fortune? Why dissipate and lose
Gifts, which at best are only lent?

The song is heard—the chorus blends
Its louder tones;—'neath pines up-piled
And fruits, the wearied table bends;
And sweets—O silly, spendthrift child!
The senses are all feasted:—Maids
Pour forth the grape-juice—see, it spreads—

The world contributes: ancient Rhine,
Champagne, and Xeres, mingling come;
And British streams, and streams from home,
And Selzerswave and Moselle wine.

In a cool grot, whose fountains flow
Round alabaster piles and busts,
Stretch'd on a bed where roses grow,
The slave of thy unholy lusts,
Thou liest: a maiden, bright and fair,
And young, reposes near thee there—
A nymph with laughter in her eye:—
She sings—thou sinkest on her breast,
And, strangely wilder'd, thou hast prest
Her hand, in ecstasy of joy.

Thou sleepest—and thy dreams foretel
An everlasting heaven of bliss:
Its flowery buds around thee swell
With blossoms bright and blest as this.
Thou hast thy treasures, hast thy fields;
For thee Siberia's bosom yields

Of countless wealth a rich display:
Thee, a proud stream of silver meets:—
O blessed! whom the morrow greets
As happy as the yesterday.

O blessed! in life's vale below,
Who sees unmoved this shifting scene—
Who, though the mighty storm-winds blow,
But hears their rage, and is serene.
The thunder-clouds may o'er him roar,
The waves may spring the mountains o'er,
Scattering the sand and foam—'tis nought
To him—the torn and scatter'd wood
May leave a desert solitude—
He sits in calm and quiet thought.

Ours are but foolish wishes—change,
Change is the meteor we pursue:
When nought is wanting, then we range
And gasp, and grasp at something new.
The time of sorrow comes—thy maid
Betrays thee as she has betray'd

Other admirers—then the song—
Ay! all this noisy song will cease,
And thou be left to think in peace—
In sadness——Sorrow's day is long.

Look! even now her eyes are darting
Less beams of love, of revelry.
Hark! from yon gathering clouds is starting
A fearful storm—thy ship 's at sea.—
No! no!—while all seems fair and bright,
O dream not thou of sorrow's night!
Feast, neighbour, feast—and dance and sing—
Life's sun has but a summer's glow,
And joy is innocent—but know,
'Tis but that joy which bears no sting.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The silver moon the clouds looks through,
Her beams upon the waters float;
And midst the gathering mist and dew
The mariner has launch'd his boat.

And in that moonlight's placid ray
His course across the deep he takes;
The welcoming port before him lay,
And in his bosom joy awakes.

But oh! he dashes on a rock—
His voice is choked—his eye is dim;
A moment struggling 'gainst the shock,
And then—the waves o'er-mantle him.

'Tis but life's picture—for the tomb
Drags all things to its desolate cell:
Hope is a flower of morning's bloom—
And love and friendship——fare ye well!

FRAGMENT.

The ass that looks upon the stars
Is not less asinine;—the base
And cowardly that boasts of scars,
Or wears a crown, may take the place
Of generous spirits, in the throng
Where usurpation reigns; for men
Confound the worthy with the strong,
Nor weigh pretension's clamor vain.

The hollowest vessels sound the loudest,
The richest treasures deepest lie;
Yet piled up wealth, and rank the proudest,
Are but tumultuous vanity.
I am a prince—with princely spirit,
A ruler—if I rule my heart;
A titled heir—if I inherit
Of virtue, wisdom, truth, a part.

Dmitriev.

DMITRIEV.

JERMAK.

What vision, history, bring'st thou now
To flit before my wandering eye?
In the dark night, amidst the glow
Of the pale moon, that tremblingly
Shines, Irtish takes its wilder'd way:
It whirls—it wanders—and its spray
Is scatter'd o'er the rugged shore.
Two men are there—pale—bent beneath,
Like shadows from the realm of death.
Their brows are hung their bosoms o'er:
One young—a beard, by age made white,
Reach'd to the other's waist—they wear
A simple ornament—affright
And terror seem attendants there.

Round their steel helmets many a bird
Flapping its ominous wing is heard,
And spectres rustle in the air:
Their vestments from the wild beasts' lair
Were brought—their breasts in flint are wrapt,
And with the rime and hoar-frost capt;
A broad knife at their girt was hung;
Beneath them two tympanas lay,
And broken, worm-worn lances: they—
They were Siberian Shamana[1].
I listen'd there—and thus they sung:

OLD MAN.

Yes! Irtish, rage—thy murmuring roar
Echoes our griefs—the storm that lowers
Is meet—for all our sunshine 's o'er—
Ah, woe is ours!

YOUNG MAN.

Ah! woe is ours,
And fearful is time's threatening frown!

[1] The principal inhabitants and warriors of Siberia.

OLD MAN.

Thou whose proud crown, in days of old,
Three different nations[1] sheltered—known
To history—and by fame enroll'd,
Mother of many lands, and land
Of hoary-headed glory—thou—
Even thou, Siberia—thou must bow,
Smitten by desolation's hand.

YOUNG MAN.

Thy people are all scatter'd now—
Scatter'd as the whirlwind drives the sand;
Thy Kutshum[2] is departed too—
Dead—distant from his father-land.

OLD MAN.

Thy Shamana are swept away
Whose fear, whose fame had fill'd the world.

---

[1] The Tartar, the Ostjak, and the Bogulich nations.

[2] Kutshum lost his kingdom, and delivered himself up to the Calmucks, by whom he was afterwards slain.

Is it for this my hair is gray,
That century-aged warriors hurl'd
Into the dust—even from their tomb
Call—loudly call on others—Come,
And rouse again Shaitana's[1] day?

YOUNG MAN.

Ye Gods! where was your conqueror then?

OLD MAN.

O miserable, mournful doom!
That handful of Muscovia's men!—
O had the blasting lightning riven—
Deluge—or plague—the shame, the stain
Might have been borne—but Jermak!—Heaven!

YOUNG MAN.

O curse him now, Siberia's hills!
Streams, vales, on him your curses be!

---

[1] The idols of Siberia.

Night—starless night—Siberia fills—
The desolating demon he!

OLD MAN.

He came—a torch of fury lighted—
A frost, that all creation blighted!
Where'er he went his ravaging breath
Brought, like the withering pestilence, death!
And death ruled o'er our land benighted.

YOUNG MAN.

The brother of the king he slew.

OLD MAN.

With Mehmet Kul[1], Siberia's pride,
I saw him struggle—and there flew
The whistling barbs on every side.
Kul from its sheathe the sabre drew,

---

[1] Mehmet-Kul was the king's brother, whom Jermak made prisoner and sent to the Tzar Ivan Vassilievich. The noble family of Sibinsky have their origin from him.

And thus in generous rage he cried:
'O mock not, death!—an unstain'd name
With chains—with infamy—or shame!'
Then rush'd he fiercely on the foe.
O fearful sight!—their sabres flash—
Their eyes are fire—and blow to blow
Is echoed in the horrid clash:—
Both swords are shiver'd—and they stand
Unarm'd, with upraised close-clench'd hand.
'Tis man to man, and breast to breast:
The forest glades the shock repeat,
And the earth shakes beneath their feet,
And their blood flows like rain—the best,
The bravest blood: their big hearts burst—
Their knees give way—their sinews crack—
Their flanks are broken—heat, and thirst,
And weariness:—'tis now the first—
'Tis now the second faints—th' attack
Kindles again:—who wins?—Jermāk.
'Mine art thou now—from this proud hour
All, all is conquer'd—all is won.'

YOUNG MAN.

Our thread of destiny is spun!
The victor's desolating power
Has crush'd Siberia—but her sighs—,
Her heavy groans——

OLD MAN.

Will ever rise.
But hear, my son!—At eventide,
In this dark solitude I trod,
And brought my offering to our God;
While sad devotion's thoughts came o'er me,
A howling north wind by my side
Rush'd, scattering the riven leaves before me;
The hundred-winter oak trees mutter'd
Terrible sounds—the wild goat fled,
Affrighted, from his wonted bed;—
I fell:—some godlike voice thus utter'd:
'Racha[1] no suppliant prayer shall hear

[1] Racha was the Jupiter of the Ostjaks. Kutshum, who was bred in the Mahommedan faith, whether by argument or by force, caused the adoption of the Koran through a great part of Siberia.

When spreading his avenging token.
Siberia! thou his laws hast broken—
Take thy reward—his curses bear:—
Thou the white monarch's[1] slave shalt be,
And every day-break, every eve,
Shall fetter'd find thee—fetter'd leave;
And Jermak's fame, and Jermak's race,
Find an eternal resting-place,
Long as the moon its course shall keep.'
'Twas silence—and from heaven's high doors
A thrice-repeated thunder roars,
Lost—lost in darkness drear and deep.
Oh! woe is ours——

YOUNG MAN.

O woe is ours!

Then sighing—trembling—then they rose
From the cold rock where lichen grows;

---

[1] The Russian Tzar.

They raise their war-arms from the sand,
And wandering slowly 'long the strand,
The mist conceals them from my eye.

Thy dust, Jermāk, sleeps still and calm,
But Russia shall erect on high
Thy pyramid, and shall embalm
Thy name with flowers and poetry:
A pile of gold, which thy good spear
Won from Siberia, shall she rear!
What said I, thoughtless one!—what dream
Has passion in its sleep created?
Where is his fane?—the dust of him
Is lost—his grave unconsecrated,
Unknown:—*that* dust the wild-boars tread;
The savage Ostiaks there chase,
With their wing'd barbs, the timid race
Of fawns o'er the vast desert spread.
But be consoled, thou heir of fame!
The genius of the lyre is come
To sing her matins o'er thy tomb;
And many an angel guards thy name

While seated on thy ruins:—verse
Shall thus her sweetest strains rehearse;

'Great One!' who in the hoary time
Wast born—and victory led thee on—
Death stopp'd thee in thy course sublime,
And now thy very dust is gone.
Though thy forefathers sought their food
In the rude plain and wilder'd wood;
Though savage wolves escorted thee,
And fame ne'er spread thy feats abroad,
Yet still thy glory's majesty
Endures—and thou art half a God,
From age to age—above decay,
Till lasting night time's day shall close;
Till the proud heavens shall pass away,
And Time upon his scythe repose[1].'

[1] The crown of Kutshum is still preserved in the museum at Moskow, among the imperial insignia. The events referred to in the above poem occurred in the year 1580. Ataman Jermak was sent by Ivan Vassilievich against Kutshum, and drove him from his capital, called Siberia (whence the name of the country): it was situated near Tobolsk.—See Karamsin's History of Russia.

MOSKVA RESCUED.

Receive the minstrel wanderer
Within thy glades, thou shadowy wood!
No idle tone of joy be here;
Nor let even Venus' song intrude!
Fair Moskva's smile my vision fills—
Her fields, her waters,—towering high,
And, seated on her throne of hills,
A glorious pile of days gone by.

O Moskva, many a nation's mother,
How bright thy glances beam on me!
Where, like to thee—where stands another—
Where, Russia's daughter, like to thee!
As pearls thy thousand crowns appear,
Thy hands a diamond sceptre hold;
Thy domes, thy steeples bright and clear,
Like sunny rays on eastern gold.

The treasures of the orient meet,
Those of the west: through every street
A stream of wealth and luxury flows.
Thy sons are natural heirs of fame,
Courage and glory shrine their name;
Thy daughters—lovely as the rose.

But war has spread its terrors o'er thee,
And thou wert once in ashes laid;
Thy throne seem'd tottering then before thee,
Thy sceptre feeble as thy blade.
Sarmatian fraud and force, o'er-raging
The humbled world, have reach'd thy gate;
Thy faith with flattering smiles engaging,
Now threatening daggers on thee wait—
And they were drawn—thy temples sank—
Thy virgins led with fetter clank—
Thy sons' blood streaming to the skies—
'Spirit of vengeance! now arise.
Save me, thou guardian angel!—save!'
So criedst thou in thy agony.

Thy streets are silent as the grave—
The unsheath'd sword—it hangs o'er thee.

And where is Russia's saviour—where?—
Stand up—arouse thee—in thy might!
Moskva alarm'd—surrounded there
And clouded, as a winter's night.
Look!—she awakes—she knows no fear,
And young and old, and prince and slave;—
Their daggers flash like boreal light;
They crowd—they crowd them to the fight.
But who is that with snowy hair—
The first—that stern old man—the tide
Of heroes he leads onward there!
Pozharsky—Russia's strength and pride!
What transport tunes my lyre!—my lays
Seem glowing with celestial fire:
O! I will sing that old man's praise;
Shout loudly now, thou heavenly choir!
I hear—I hear the armour's sound:
The dust-clouds round the pillars rise—
See! Russia's children gather round.

Pozharsky o'er the city flies,
And from death's stillness he awakes
The very life of valour.—Lo!—
Midst the star's light, and sunny glow,
He forms the firm courageous row,
Here—there: hope, joy, again appear:
The burghers gather round him there,
And range them for the combat now.

'And why this crowd?' a warrior calls
From a high pinnacle[1]—he saw—
His senses whelm'd in fear and awe—
He fled from Kremlin's royal walls.
'Sarmatians! to your swords!' he said;
'Delay not, for we are betray'd:
'I saw the gathering enemy
'Stretch'd like a waking snake along:
'They gain the city rapidly—
'The fields are cover'd with the throng.'

---

[1] The French also employed the steeples of Moskva as watch-houses or observatories.

'Tis bustle all—'tis all dismay;
What crowds of soldiers fill each street!
Round walls and gates their cohorts meet,
And like a whirlwind urge their way
To where Sclavonian thunders roar!

And see! how bright the heaven is glowing!—
What smoke—what flame—what blood is flowing!
Sword echoes sword the wide plain o'er;
Whole ranks are harvested that stood
Like the firm oak trees of the wood:
The bullets o'er the field are flying—
Here sleep the dead, there shriek the dying:
There, staggering 'neath a lance's wound,
A wild-horse madly stamps the ground,
Flies—falls—and covers, as he dies,
The turf on which his rider lies:
Still the storm struggles in the air,
And agony is every where.

Death is the conqueror!—death—despair!
They rule o'er village, field, and grove:

A wounded maidén tears her hair,
A hoary sire just looks above,
Then to the ground—and sleeps serenely.
Come, moralist! and study here:
See that poor orphan, suffering keenly,—
His star is sunk; the starting tear
That falls for those whose blood was spilt—
For others' interests, others' guilt,
Trembles upon his cheeks; the fate
Of war hath left him friendless—best
Were it for him to join the rest,
Nor live thus drear and desolate.

And thrice the day hath seen the strife,
And thrice hath dawn'd Aurora blithe;
The battle-demon sports with life,
Death waves untired his murderous scythe.
Pozharsky's thunder still is heard;
He speeds him like the eagle-bird
Following his prey—destroying—crushing,—
Then on the Poles with fury rushing,

He scatters them like flying sands,—
That giant of the hundred hands.
On! On!—What transports of delight!
'Hurrah! Pozharsky wins the fight!'
The city joins the ecstasy—
'O yes! our Moskva now is free!'

O memorable morning's ray!
O ne'er to be forgotten day,
What painter's pencil shall portray thee,
And in thy natural joy array thee,
And tell each bosom's rapture then!
Millions in wild delight!—they crowd
Upon the bulwarks, shouting loud:—
The very roofs are made of men.
What flower-wreathes o'er the streets they flung,
What triumph-songs the churches sung;
How high, how bright the banners hung,
And palms crown'd every citizen!

Where is the hero?—where is he
Who led our sons to victory?

List to that cry of eloquence—
'What—what shall be his recompense?'
Look!—He who made the invaders bleed,
And Moskva and his country freed,
He—modest as courageous—he
Takes the bright garland from his brow,
And to a youth he bends him now—
He bends his old and hero-knee.
'Thou art of royal blood,' he said,
'Thy father is in foemen's hand;
'Wear thou that garland on thy head,
'And bless, O bless our father-land!'

Valiant old hero! Russia's pride,
And Russia's love,—I bless thee now.
By the gigantic mountain's side
May everlasting waters flow;
May marshes turn to groves and woods;
Out of our wastes may gardens grow;
And in our barren solitudes
May cities flourish—and decay:

While generations pass away,
And brighter lights disperse their ray;
Yet thou shalt be the poet's charm,
And thou shalt be the warrior's glory,
Through never-ending time to warm
The bosom with thy patriot story.

TO THE VOLGA.

Now furl your sails—and heaven be blest!
For we have reach'd the promised land:
And, Volga, thou whose wavy breast
Has brought us to this smiling strand—
Volga!—the king of waters—named
The great, the proud, the glorious—famed
In history—now farewell! 'Twas thou
Who listenedst to the poet's song
Ere mingled with earth's busy throng:
To thee his Muse was wont to bow.

And all my hopes have now been crown'd,
And every joy has been fulfill'd,
Which, when my childish thoughts look'd round,
Some fond aspiring dream instill'd.
When towards thy banks I stretch'd my eye,
Peopled thy shores with industry,

Spread on thy waves the silver sail!—
The dream is realised—I view
The picture which my fancy drew—
Vision of promised brightness—hail!

I held sweet converse with thy winds,
I heard thy waves, thy tempests roar;
I read each threatening cloud that binds
The soul in fear, and shakes the shore.
As from a tower I look'd, the height
Of granite mountains dimm'd my sight;
And lost, and wondering as I view'd,
I ask'd—Who saw the days of yore?
Proud cities rise her borders o'er,
Where 'twas a desert's solitude!

Here, meadows, villages, and herds,
And smiling cottages are placed;
There, flowers and furze, and savage birds,
Are the sole tenants of the waste,
And nought seems wanting to my sight.
I hear—I hear the gay delight

Of dancing nymphs midst yonder trees;
They fill the air with melody,
While, from his gloomy cavity,
The savage boar their revelling sees.

The sailor, as he skims thy wave,
Gathers the listening crew around,
And pointing to a crumbling grave,
Says, 'Rasin there his dwelling found.'
But pensive silence checks his tongue,
The damp sweat on his brow is hung,
His finger trembles, frozen by cold;
For o'er his thoughts there rush a throng
Of the wild images which song
Hath gather'd from the mists of old.

Yes! midst the ruins time hath pil'd,
There strides upon thy waves the wan
And awful form of John the Wild,
The terrible of Astrachan.
I see his hordes, in rude affright,
Raining, from yonder vineyard's height,

Their arrow streams upon the Russ—
The Russ—who hurries to the fray
And conquers—see those hordes obey,
And, trembling, yield their land to *us*.

I heard the Caspian oracle
Speak in a voice of thunder—'See!
'Persians! your fate how terrible:
'He comes—the lord of victory!
'A thousand bolts his hand sends forth,
'He rules the south, he guides the north,
'The crescent and the lion flee!
'Hark! for he comes—their future king
'The subject waves of Volga bring,
'Derbent! thy lord of victory.'

So spake the sea-god—and his tears
Fell from his watery eyes like rain;
The waves roll'd round the man of years,
He plunged him in the waves again.
But, Volga, brighter triumphs thou
Wreath'st in thy glory-garland now,

And fairer palms of victory wave;
The Caspian trembles at thy feet,
The Sound, the Belt, thy trophies greet,
And all the ocean is thy slave.

And shalt thou not be sung, bright river?
And like thy blessings be thy praise;
Shall music's voice be dead for ever,
Nor to thy fame one anthem raise?
O would the god of song inspire,
Ganges ne'er heard so loud a lyre
As I would tune, sweet stream, for thee!
Euphrates and old father Nile,
Before thy glory should be vile,
And earth resound thy majesty!

ENJOYMENT.

Naslazhdenie.

Let each his wayward will pursue,
I envy not the laurel bough:—
I 'll have the myrtle drench'd in dew,
Which thou hast smiled on—maiden, thou!

I 've seen the hero seek the fray,
I 've seen the sage illume the world;
What then? They sparkled through their day,
And were to death's oblivion hurl'd!

And whether roses o'er them bloom'd,
Or nettle weeds oppress'd the ground;
They were in silence' breast entomb'd,
Nor heeded all that pass'd around.

Then grief begone—and welcome joy!
And three times welcome, love's sweet bliss!
For as our days like arrows fly,
How precious every moment is!

Perchance e'en now the mandate 's given
To call the hurrying pilgrim home;
Perchance the azure arch of heaven
Now hears the summons—'Mortal—come!'

O tarry not, fair maiden! give
Thy hours to rapture, and be blest!
And live, since time is fleeting, live
While pleasure's life-blood warms thy breast.

Akh! kogda ja prezhde snala!

O HAD I but known before
What a misery love might be!
Had that bright star, shining o'er,
Ne'er employ'd its witchery—
O had I refused to bear
This his ring, that magic spell—
Never sought the window where
He was smiling—it were well!

When the light of passion shone,
Well I might have pass'd it by;
Let the wax-wing'd child fly on
Tow'rds some maid less blest than I:
Wherefore did I seek the grove
Where the swain was wandering then—
Met him with a look of love—
Left him—and return'd again?

Ah! that heart, that was so gay,
Sinks 'neath sorrow's heavy load:
Wretched one—I turn'd away:—
Fix'd me in the public road—
Wept and wail'd—Art thou unmoved,
Passing traveller?—pity me!
He was faithless that I loved:—
Set me from love's misery free!

Stonet sizi golubochik.

Once a gentle turtle dove
Night and day dishearten'd mourn'd;
He was widow'd of his love,
She had fled, but not return'd.

He, whose wooing voice was heard
Constant as the break of day,
Pined, and droop'd—the faithful bird
Still, and sad, and silent lay.

While his thoughtless partner flew
Here and there—with all she sported:
All she wish'd to know, or knew,
Greeted, trifled with, or courted.

Oft he look'd, but look'd in vain,
He so faithful, fond, and true;
Slowly pined he 'neath his pain,
Strength departed, sorrow grew.

See, his head is 'neath his wing:
Coldness o'er his bosom creeps—
Ah! poor solitary thing!
All is still—the turtle sleeps.

Then the giddy, gadding dove,
Fluttering gaily, thither hies,
Takes her station by her love—
'Husband! wake thee now,' she cries.

With her wings she fans the dead,
Bitterest thoughts begin to flow:—
Chloe! tell me, hast thou read?
I 'm a widow'd turtle too.

TO CHLOE.

Of all flowers the fairest
  Is the rose to me;
I had deem'd it dearest
  For its constancy.

Every day completer
  Seem'd it to my view,
And its breath was sweeter,
  Brighter was its hue.

Trust not Fortune's blossom,
  For my rose I found
On the mountain's bosom
  Choked with absinth round.

Yet it had not perish'd;
  Still in smiles it shone—
'Twas the rose I cherish'd,
  But—its breath was gone.

Chloe! I bethink me
What a rose thou art!
Foolish one! to link me
To a woman's heart.

Zhukovsky.

ZHUKOVSKY.

THE MINSTREL IN THE RUSSIAN CAMP[1].

MINSTREL.

Now silence wraps the battle field!
The tents with lights are gleaming;
And lo! the bright moon's silver shield
In the calm heaven is beaming.
Fill, fill the glass of rapture, yet,
In unity full-hearted;
In wine the bloody strife forget,
The grief for the departed!

[1] Zhukovsky accompanied the Russian army from Moscow. He wrote this piece just before the battle on the Tarutina.

The glasses' ruby stream to drain
Is glory's pride and pleasure—
Wine! conqueror thou of care and pain,
Thou art the hero's treasure.

WARRIORS.

O yes!—the ruby stream to drain
Is glory's pride and pleasure—
Wine! conqueror thou of care and pain,
Thou art the hero's treasure.

MINSTREL.

Now to the warriors of old time,
The strong in fight and glory!
These warriors and their deeds sublime
Are lost in distant story!
The grave hath gather'd up their dust,
Their homes,—the storm hath razed them;
Their helmets are devour'd by rust,
And silent those who praised them:
But in their children live their fires,
We tread the land that bore them,

And see the shadows of our sires
With all their triumphs o'er them.
O come! in all your brightness come,
And smile complacent, near us;
Look from your high and misty home,
Encourage us and hear us.

O Svatoslav! time's injured son,
Thy path an eagle's flying:
'There is no shame in dying—On![1]
There is no shame in dying!'
And Donskoi, thou[2]! courageous man,
Midst heathen foes we find thee;

---

[1] These words are attributed by the old Russian historians to the great Duke Svatoslav Sgorevich, and are said to have led to one of his most brilliant victories over the Greeks. "Let us not shame our Russian land—Let our bones lie here—There is no disgrace in dying!"

[2] Dmitrij Ivanovich (of the Don), the saviour of his country from Tartarian slavery. Ever since the unfortunate battle of Kalka (1223), the hopes of redemption seemed feeble and distant. He assembled his troops, and defeated the countless hosts of Mamai on the shores of the Don.

Destruction leading on thy van,
And nought but death behind thee.

Thou, Peter! thou, the hero's crown,
'Poltava!' is repeated:
Thy foes have thrown their sabres down,
Thee, all the world has greeted.
What! Robbers, would ye build your throne
Upon our cities' ruin?
Thy horse and rider fell—begone!
For vengeance is pursuing.
Go hide thee in thy native woods,
There thy ambition smother;
Fate drives thee to their solitudes,
Yes! thou, the rebel's[1] brother.

Who is that white-hair'd hero, who
That northern more than Roman?
His penetrating glance looks through
The phalanx of the foeman:

[1] Mazeppa.

From yonder clouds what shadowy rows
Are tow'rds his footsteps turning?
The spirits of the Alpine snows
Are wailing loud and mourning.
Franks and Sarmatians, at his view,
Death's icy paleness borrow;
Well they may fear him—well may rue—
It is the great Suvorov!

Hail! sons of ages long gone by!
Your glories are recorded;
We follow you to victory,
Like you to be rewarded.
We see your ranks—they lead us on—
The foe retreats before us;
We scatter death, as ye have done,
While ye are smiling o'er us.
Drawn sword, and flowing glass, elate
We look to our Creator!
'And death for death, and hate for hate,
And curses on the traitor.'

WARRIORS.

Draw swords, fill glasses, then, elate,
Look to our great Creator!
'And death for death, and hate for hate,
And curses on the traitor.'

MINSTREL.

This glass then to our country's joys,
Ne'er may our hearts feel colder;
The scenes of mirth while we were boys,
Of love, when we grew older!
Our country's plains, our country's sky,
The streams that flow beneath it;
The memories of infancy,
And all the thoughts that wreath it
With joyous hopes and visions blest—
Dear shrine of our affection,
How glows our heart, how beats our breast,
When beams the recollection.
That is our country, there our home,
There wife and babes attend us;
And oft their prayers towards us roam,
And oft to Heaven commend us!

There dwell our plighted, chosen ones;
How bright their memory flashes!
Our monarchs' dust, our monarchs' thrones,
And there our fathers' ashes.
For them we fight, for them we rove,
For them have all forsaken;
And may our land's undying love
In our sons' breasts awaken!

WARRIORS.

For them we fight, for them we rove,
For them have all forsaken;
And may our country's fadeless love
In our sons' breasts awaken!

MINSTREL.

Now to the Tzar that rules the Russ,
And be his sceptre glorious;
His throne an altar is to us—
We swear to be victorious.
The oath is heard—'tis stamp'd in blood—
'Tis sworn—there's no returning;

Our swords shall make our promise good,
Our hearts with love are burning.
Each Russ a son of victory,
To duty's ranks we throng us;
Let every craven coward fly,
For fear was ne'er among us.

WARRIORS.

Each Russ a son of victory,
To duty's ranks we throng us;
Let every craven coward fly,
For fear was ne'er among us.

MINSTREL.

Now to the chiefs that lead us on,
The captains that we cherish;
In life, in death, conjoin'd as one,
And heaven for those who perish:
That heaven where all, all holy is,
All love, and peace, and union,
And courage, dignity, and bliss,
In undisturb'd communion.

This stormy world we look beyond,
To that serene though far-land;
Here danger is our common bond,
And glory is our garland.

There sit the wreath-crown'd chiefs who led
Our fathers long before us;
Their shield of strength shall guard our head,
Their voices thunder o'er us:
On us their wakening smiles descend,
Their frowns our foes pursuing;
Yes! through their ranks what terrors blend,
And threaten them with ruin!
But they shall lead our warriors through,
Amidst the battle's raging;
Death quits his terrors in our view,
When with the foe engaging.

Hail! martial hero! chief in fight[1],
Thou with the ringlets hoary,

[1] Prince Smolensko.

Who, like an eagle, takest thy flight
Midst storm and thunder's glory.
His furrow'd, weather-beaten brow
Attracts the inquiry curious;
How cold and calm before the foe,
But in his rage how furious!
O wonder! from heaven's halls there flew
A glorious eagle o'er him[1];
He bow'd his head—what shouts! they knew
That victory was before him.

Fly to our fathers! eagle fly,
And tell them we are speeding
To fame, to glorious victory,
Our hoary chieftain leading.
He, strong in council, cool in fray,
In every purpose steady;
Well known to him is triumph's way,
His wisdom ever ready.

[1] Before the battle of Borodino an eagle hovered round his head, and was observed by the whole army, who set up a general shout of joy.

Were Moskva's glories razed in vain,
Our country's trophies riven?
No! Russia stands erect again,
For we are here—and heaven!

Hail! hail, ye martial leaders all!
Jermolov, valiant Roman!
Friend of the brave, and valour's wall,
And terror of the foeman.
Rajevsky, thou the chief ador'd!
Amidst the strife we found thee
Baring thy bosom to the sword,
With thy young sons around thee.
Hail! Milorádovich! to thee;
The field of battle's thunder:
Thou tearest, in thy ecstasy,
The tyrant's chains asunder.

And thou who saved'st Petropolis,
Thou, Vittgenstein! brave leader!
Shield of thy country, and her bliss,
Thou dread of her invader!

With darkness was his vision fill'd,
When first the traitor saw thee;
Alone, but leaning on thy shield,
Numbering his ranks below thee.
Then fear came o'er that traitor's mind,
His courage left him shatter'd;
Thy sword was drawn—and, like the wind,
His trembling ranks were scatter'd.

Hail! Konovnizin! thou our joy!
From danger absent never:
Where bullets whiz, and arrows fly,
There have we found thee ever.
Before—behind—around him—we
Saw terror, death, and danger:
He stood, in his serenity,
To all alarm a stranger.
Himself forgotten—see him bear
Down on those ranks of slavery;
And valour's self stood wond'ring there—
He was the god of bravery.

And thou, Platov! thou storm of fight,
Thou Ataman the Lion!
Thy busy lance—thy sling of might,
Scathe—scatter all they fly on.
A wild wolf broken from his lair—
An eagle on stretch'd pinion:—
Death whispering in the foeman's ear,
Throughout thy wide dominion.
Amidst the woods his torches fly—
How spreads the conflagration!
Bridges oppose—in dust they lie—
Towns—all is desolation!

Hail! Nestor Benningsen, to thee!
Nought can thy mind inveigle;
Hero and sage—to enemy
A serpent and an eagle.
And hail! Woronzov! young and gay,
Though ripen'd by discretion.
And Tormassov! in battles gray,
The flying foe's oppression.

And Baggovuth[1], with heart of mail,
Waving his sabre o'er ye.
Hail! ranks of honour'd heroes, hail!
Our country's pride and glory!

WARRIORS.

Hail! ranks of honour'd heroes, hail!
Our country's pride and glory!

MINSTREL.

Now, brothers! hallow those who died,
Those from the strife departed;
Their place is vacant by our side,
Before us they have started.
No more shall they disperse the foe,
Or hear the battle's thunder;
Their hearts no more with rapture glow—
They sleep in silence under.
Their sword, their shield, are on the ground,
Where damp and rust shall eat them;

[1] Baggovuth was killed in the battle of the Tarutina.

Their proud war-horses wander round,
Without a friend to greet them.

O Kulinev! the brave, the strong!
Upon thy shield reclining,
Thou diedst amidst the battle throng,
While thy bright sword was shining.
Thou diedst e'en where thy childhood pass'd[1]
In happiest visions o'er thee;
And thou hast made thy grave at last
Where first thy cradle bore thee:
And sure thy latest sigh was blest,
For faith's best hopes thou keepedst;
That last sigh sought thy mother's breast—
Reach'd heaven—and then thou sleepedst.

And where, Kutaissov![2] tell us where
Thou in thy bloom alightest?

---

[1] Near Lutzin, where he had passed his boyhood, and where his mother yet lived.

[2] Kutaissov was a young poet of considerable talents: he was killed at the battle of Borodino. His horse was seen wildly galloping about, covered with blood; and his body could not be discovered for a long time.

His heart, his countenance were clear
As virtue when 'tis brightest;
He threw him in the battle-ring—
Death dropt its mantle o'er him:
He touch'd the sweet harp's sweetest string;
Let every string deplore him!
His steed approaches, dyed with gore—
Where is the hand to guide her?
His shield is there, blood-clotted o'er—
The shield—but not the rider.

Where are thy ashes, in what vale,
What unknown cavern hidden?
For they are sought o'er hill and dale
By a heart-broken maiden.
There lovelier shines the morning dew,
The sun is brighter glowing;
The breezes they are gentler too,
More fair the flowrets blowing!
And angel forms at midnight come,
When mortal eyes are sleeping;
Their silent watch around thy tomb
In mild devotion keeping.

And thou, Bagration![1] tears were shed,
And prayers for thee ascended:—
'Twas all in vain, for thou art dead—
Thy hero-race is ended.
From rank to rank our warriors sigh'd,
'God's mercy shall restore him!'
And oft our foes, despairing, cried,
'We yet shall fly before him!'
Nay! nay! that noble soul is gone,
That generous heart is riven;
To join Suvorov, he is flown;—
To all the brave in heaven.

Shades of our heroes! ye are blest,
Ye roam in Eden's gardens,
Where time's departed chieftains rest,
And angels are the wardens.
Your memory still has left its blaze,
Its holy beamings reach us;
A light which flows to distant days,
How brave men died to teach us.

[1] Bagration received his mortal wound at the battle of Borodino; but it was for a long time expected that he would recover.

Your names still mount above your graves,
Your glories we inherit;
And every unfurl'd flag that waves
Is pregnant with your spirit.

WARRIORS.

Your names still soar above your graves,
Your glories we inherit;
And every unfurl'd flag that waves
Is pregnant with your spirit.

MINSTREL.

One glass to vengeance! In the fray
'Heaven for the right!' our voices,
And 'death or victory!' proudly say;
And victory's self rejoices.
O count not on your numbers, foe!
In vain ye boast your numbers;
Our march is like the torrent's flow,
Which never, never slumbers.
We have no treasures, but we bring
Our arrows and our lances,

And round us desolation fling—
And death is in our glances.

The Robber! he had spread his power
Around our Moskva's borders;
And from our Kremlin's sacred tower
He issued forth his orders.
'I trample on the base-born clay,
Which folly's pride assembles,
'And prince and subject both obey.'
Insulting one!—he trembles.
For vengeance wakes her from her rest,
And arms her with her torches;
Heaves ruin on the tyrant's breast,
And drives him from our porches.

Now bring thy slavish princes, now,
To our ice-girded nation;
And lead them o'er our paths of snow
To horror and starvation.
Come, Winter! rouse thee from thy bed,
And close our country's portals—

O see! he strews the land with dead,
With piles of frozen mortals.
Now, Robber! look what thou hast done;
Come, for the strife prepare thee!
The land we fight on is our own—
God's vengeance, wretch! is near thee.

WARRIORS.

Now, Robber! look what thou hast done;
Come, for the strife prepare thee!
The land we fight on is our own—
And God's revenge is near thee!

MINSTREL.

One glass to friendship's glory lend,
That makes all sorrows lighter—
O happy he who owns a friend!
Heaven has no blessing brighter.
Our joys to swell, our griefs to share,
While by life's storms we're driven,
Our conscience to direct us here,
Our friendly staff for heaven.

O be *the sacred bond*[1] our guide,
Our law, and our allegiance!
'Tis by our life-blood sanctified,
And we have sworn obedience.

WARRIORS.

O be *the sacred bond* our guide,
Our law, and our allegiance!
'Tis by our life-blood sanctified,
And we have sworn obedience.

MINSTREL.

And *this* to Love!—and break it too—
Its flame shines ever purely!
For love's sweet smile, and glory's glow,
They are twin-sisters surely.
For he whom Heaven has train'd and taught,
By love's soft step attended,
Whose thought still meets another's thought,
While heart with heart is blended—

[1] Holy Alliance.

He is the hero—doubt or fear
Ne'er enter in his bosom—
For doth he not the garland wear
Of which love wreathed the blossom?

O love! thou art our morning star;
How oft our steps thou meetest!
Thy gay light glances, bright and far—
Thy songs of all are sweetest:
Thy breath oft waves our banners high,
And to the fight thou guidest;
Thou smilest on our victory,
And o'er our dreams presidest.
Look, foeman! on our battle shield,
Our hearts' love was the giver;
'Twas she who wrote upon its field,
'Thine—even in death—for ever!'

Fond dreams, which fancy clads in all
The beauties love can borrow!
She sits behind yon garden wall
Communing with her sorrow.

Her plaints, her prayers, to heaven ascend,
To thee her thoughts are flying—
Now tears, now smiles, embalm her friend,
'Ah! perhaps my friend is dying!
When shall I hear his accents—when
Will fly these days so dreary?
O dawn, sweet morn of joy, again,
For I am well nigh weary.'

O friends! it is a pride to die
For those whose faith is plighted;
Their love is ever hovering nigh,
And we may die delighted.
Their name upon our lips shall hang,
While the death-wound is burning;—
And it shall soothe the parting pang,
While to earth's bosom turning.
The memory of the maid we love
Shall, while we're sinking, brighten,
And seek with us the world above,
Its mansions to enlighten.

WARRIORS.

The memory of the maid we love
  Shall, while we're sinking, brighten—
We'll bear it to the world above,
  Its mansions to enlighten.

MINSTREL.

Now to the Muse the red-grape press—
  The Muse, whose voice of thunder
Gives courage, energy, success,
  And tears fear's chains asunder:—
The arrows fly—and young and old
  With shield and sabre arm them—
Midst the death-shower they throw them bold,
  For nothing can alarm them.
The minstrel's song has touch'd their soul,
  And valour's tears are breaking,
While hoary age bursts time's control,
  And youthful strength is waking.

Pride of the elder time, Bojan![1]
Whose harp, though lost to story,
Led on the brave Sclavonian
With hymns of praise and glory!
Thy songs prophetic did proclaim
Peter the Great, the glorious:
Petrov sang Saidunaisky's name:
Derzhavin's lyre victorious
Its tones of joy and music flung,
Forest of Kama, o'er thee:
Suvorov, thee Derzhavin sung,
Hero of poet worthy.

Old man! O could we hear again
Thy swan-like tones to bless us!
Thou sangst not idle glory's strain,
But vengeance to redress us.
And not for conquest, not for fame,
Thy lyre of passion pleaded—

[1] Of Bojan little is known. He is supposed to have accompanied the Russians in the dark ages, and to have excited them to valour with his magic lyre.

'Twas struggling for an unstain'd name,
Revenge for rights invaded.
Sing, swan! thy song the chain will break
Which many a land surrounded;
And Slavery's threatenings wax them weak
Where thy proud notes are sounded.

O honour then the Muses' sons!
And I—though mean and lowly:—
Would that my lyre's awaken'd tones
Were all inspired and holy!
In the deep valley's loneliness
That humble lyre was shrouded:
I heard a voice, 'To battle press!'
And to the combat crowded.
Farewell, then, music—joy, farewell!
I sped me to the battle:
My song—the trumpets' piercing swell;
My choir—the cannons' rattle.

Yet will I sing the Robber's fall,
And your bright deeds, elated;

For even now some whizzing ball
Perchance with death is fated.
But could my dying hour disperse
The dreams I loved to cherish?
And crush the spirit of my verse
With my faint name to perish?
The robber to his fame hath built
A pile of bloodstain'd iron;
And there your glory and his guilt
Time's records shall environ.

WARRIORS.

Then welcome be the sons of song,
Who bid our victories blossom;
And as our fathers pass along
With triumph fills their bosom.

MINSTREL.

Your glasses:—To the God of Might,
Bend on your knees before him:
He led you to the glorious fight,
And saved you—now adore him!

The shield of virtue is his rod,
He saves the poor and lowly;
The rock of ages is our God—
He scathes the proud one's folly.
Look to the glorious realms above,
Where not a tear e'er started;
And hear from thence that voice of love,
'My children! be strong hearted!'

O immortality! thou sea
Of silence—peaceful portal!
How happy who is launch'd on thee,
And straight becomes immortal!
O happy they who fall in fight!
For those they leave behind them
Seek through a long and gloomy night
The grave that might have shrined them.
The son of battle breaks the bond
Which to the vain world ties him;
Soars to a brighter world beyond,
Where misery never tries him.

But we?—O let us trust in God,
Whate'er our portion given,
To lead us through life's darksome road
To happiness and heaven:
Obedient to his holy will,
Scattering all sin before us;
And gently moving forward still,
Till darkness gathers o'er us.
If low our lot—a courage free;
If high—no scornful blindness;
In strength and power—simplicity;
And universal kindness.

Ready obedience where 'tis due—
Our oaths—a sacred token!
To love unshaken, fervent, true,
And friendship's pledge—unbroken.
To those who sink—a ready hand,
And comfort to the mourning;
For tyrants—valour to withstand,
For treachery—hate and scorning.

The blaze of truth to shame a lie;
All honest faith—befriended;
And in death's fight—calm bravery,
And peace—when all is ended.

O God of might! be thou our shield,
Our squadrons lead and rally!
Rider and horse to thee must yield,
And perish in the valley.
O God! in our behalf appear—
Our foemen's ranks be broken;
Come, day of vengeance, dark and drear!
And lo! the Lord has spoken.
I saw him numerous as the sand
Spread over hills and plains there;
He waved his bright and murderous brand,
And now—no trace remains there.

WARRIORS.

I saw him numerous as the sand
Spread over hills and plains there;

He waved his bright and murderous brand,
And now—no trace remains there.

MINSTREL.

But look! the clouds are brightening now,
The daylight is appearing;
See! o'er the distant mountain's brow
The morning star uprearing.
The twilight breaks—the vapours damp
The hills are now surrounding;
And lo! the slumber-girded camp,
And morning-music sounding.
But soon—but soon—as hours return,
That band so calmly sleeping,
Shall fate—her hand is on the urn—
Shall fate prepare for weeping!

O dawn thee not—let darkness try
Thy waking beams to smother!
For ah! to-day shall many an eye
Mourn o'es a perish'd brother.

Vain prayer—along the mountain's height
I hear the thunder roaring;
Shouts from the plain announce the fight,
The sun tow'rds heaven is soaring:
The war-steeds rage and foam—anon
The shock of arms engaging—
The chieftain leads his soldiers on,
And hearts with fire are raging.

This is no time for wine nor song!
Come, to the battle hurry!
With naked sabre join the song,
For death or triumph's glory!
Yes! ye who love us far away,
Farewell! and if for ever,
Preserve the memory of the day,
And O forget us never!
Thou, Lord of Lords! our bulwark prove—
Beloved, one sacred greeting:
Here—tender and undying love,
There—an eternal meeting!

WARRIORS.

Thou, Lord of Lords! our bulwark prove—
  Beloved, one sacred greeting:
Here—tender and undying love,
  There—an eternal meeting!

CATHERINE [1].

SVÆTLANA.

St. Silvester's evening hour
Calls the maidens round:
Shoes to throw behind the door,
Delve the snowy ground.
Peep behind the window there,
Burning wax to pour;
And the corn for chanticleer
Reckon three times o'er.
In the water-fountain fling
Solemnly the golden ring,
Earrings too of gold;
Kerchief white must cover them •
While we are chanting over them
Magic songs of old.

[1] I have adopted the word Catherine. SVÆTLANA does not easily accommodate itself to our organs of sense.

Feebly through the vapours shine
Moonbeams on the hill;
Silently sat Catherine,
Sorrowful and still.
'Maiden, why so pensive? we
Fain thy voice would hear—
Come and join our revelry!
Take the ring, thou dear!
Sing 'Make haste and melt, and bring,
'Goldsmith! come with golden ring,
'Golden wreath for Kate!
'Ring to deck her hand of snow,
'Wreath to bloom upon her brow
'At the altar-gate.'

I can sing no choral song
While my love's away;
For my days are sad and long,
Gloomier every day.
Left alone—a year is past—
Not a line to send—
O my life is but a waste,
Sever'd from my friend!

Hast thou then forgotten me?
Tell me, wanderer! can it be?
Where's thy dwelling—where?
See, I pine 'neath secret smart:
Guardian angel! watch my heart—
Listen to my prayer!

Cover'd with a napkin white,
Stood a table there;
Where a mirror, clear and bright,
Shone amidst the glare.
Vacant seats for two were placed—
'Look within, O look!
'Tis the hour of spirits—haste!
Read Fate's opening book:
To the mirror turn thy eye,
And the door shall silently
Open—List! 'tis he!
Gently shall thy lover glide,
Seat him by his maiden's side,
And shall sup with thee.'

Cath'rine sat before the glass—
All alone was she,
Watching all the shades that pass,
Shuddering inwardly.
But the glass is dark and drear,
Still as death the room;
Scarce a fading taper there
Flitted midst the gloom.
O how fear her bosom shook!
Backwards then she dared not look!
Dread had dimm'd her sight:
And the dying tapers' noise,
And the cricket's chirping voice,
Cried—'tis middle-night!

Breathless terror chill'd her o'er,
And she shades her brow:—
List! a knock is at the door,
And it opens now:
To the mirror then she turn'd,
Stupefied with fear;
Their two brilliant eyeballs burn'd,
Ever bent on her.

Horror heaved her breast, when lo!
Gentle accents, sweet and slow,
  Glided on her ear:
'All thy wishes are fulfill'd—
All thy spirit's sighs be still'd—
  'Tis thy lover, dear!'

Cath'rine look'd—her lover's arms
  Were around her thrown:
'Maiden! banish all alarms,
  We are ever one!
Come! the priest is waiting now,
  Life with life to blend;
Torches in the chapel glow,
  Bridal songs ascend.'
Cath'rine smiled—her lover led—
O'er the snow-clad court they sped,
  And the portals gain;
There a ready sledge they found—
Two fleet coursers stamp the ground,
  Struggling with the rein.

Onwards! like the winds they go,
When the storm awakes;
Scattering round them clouds of snow,
While the pathway shakes.
All was dark and wild as night,
Terrible, and new:
Mist-wreaths dimm'd the pale moon's light,
Plains were drench'd in dew.
Fear again possess'd the maid,
And in gentlest tones she said,
'Speak—my lover true!'
He was silent then—but soon
Turn'd him to the wintry moon,—
Pale and paler grew.

Through the snow—a mountain's height—
Next the wild steeds pass'd;
And a church appear'd in sight,
'Midst a gloomy waste:
Then a whirlwind burst the door—
Men are there who mourn;
Clouds of incense rolling o'er,
Waxen tapers burn.

Lo! a black sepulchral shroud—
'Dust to dust!' the priest aloud
Chants—the horses flew
Tow'rds the door—her agony
Rose—he spoke no word—but he
Pale and paler grew.

Clouds of snow ascend again—
Lo! the coursers fly;
And a raven on the plain
Croaks, and passes by;
'Twas an awful, ominous sound!
And the moonlight wanes;
Darkness wraps the desert round
O'er the steaming manes.
See! a glimmering light is there,
And upon the heather bare
Stands a humble shed.
Swifter—swifter flew the car,
Whirl'd the snow around it far,
But no farther sped.

At the door they stopp'd anon,
There—a moment stood:—
Steeds—sledge—bridegroom—all are gone:
All is solitude.
Catherine on the waste was left,
Midst dense clouds of snow;
Of her lover now bereft,
To commune with woe:
But she hears a footstep now,
Turns, and sees a taper glow;
Crosses her, and stalks
Trembling to the door—and knocks:—
Of itself the door unlocks—
In the maiden walks.

There, upon a winding sheet,
Lay a mortal bier;
Christ's bright image at its feet
Shone resplendent there.
Whither—whither art thou come,
Maiden, all unblest?
Thou hast sought a wretched home,
Art a hapless guest!

Catherine to the image flies,
Wipes the snow-dust from her eyes,
Bends her down and weeps;
Presses to her breast the cross—
Thoughts of heaven her soul engross,
And she silence keeps.

All is still!—The storm is hush'd,
Faint the tapers beam,
Light across the chamber rush'd—
Momentary gleam:—
All is wrapt in silence deep
As when visions come.
List! what gentle rustlings sweep
Through the hallow'd room:
Lo! a dove of silvery white,
Soft and still, with eyes of light,
Tow'rds the mourner springs:
For a moment hovers there,
Then upon her bosom fair
Flaps his beauteous wings.

Silence reign'd again.—Can all,
All illusion be?
Lo! the corpse beneath the pall
Shudders fearfully:
Bursts the mantling bier of death,
Throws his shroudings by:
On his brow he wore a wreath,
Frozen was his eye:
From his lips a murmur breaks,
With his hand a sign he makes,
Pointing to the maid:
Trembling she—she dared not move—
But the bright and silver dove
On her bosom play'd.

Fann'd her with its gentle wing:—
To the dead man's breast
Then she saw her sweet dove spring—
There it seem'd to rest.
Heaved that icy corpse a sigh,
As in dark despair,
Gnash'd his teeth in agony,
Turn'd his eyes on her.

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Paler wax'd those lips so pale;
And the fix'd eye told the tale
That life's film was broke.
Catherine! lift thy drooping head!
All is o'er—thy lover 's dead!—
God!——and she awoke.

Where?—within the self-same room
Where the mirror stood:—
Morn was chasing twilight's gloom
With its golden flood;
Chanticleer had flapp'd his wings,
Sung his early song:
All is bright—the matin rings—
O thy dream was long!
Long indeed, and dreadful too;
And my spirit long shall rue
The dread prophecy!
Tell me, Future's misty night,
Shall my fate be dark or bright,
Bliss or misery?

Catherine in the window sat,
Sorrowful and still:
Tell me—tell me what is *that?*
Mist-cloud on the hill?
In the sunbeams shines the snow;
Leaps the frozen dew:
List! I hear the bells below,
And the horses too.
Lo! they come—the sledge is near—
Now the Isvoshchik's voice I hear—
They have pass'd the grove:—
Fling the gates wide open—fling—
Who's the guest the coursers bring?
Who?—'Tis thou, my love!

Catherine, tell me now! *The dream*—
Is the dream forgot?
Youths may faithful be—who seem
Faithless—may they not?
When the light of love hath lent
Brightness to his eye;
When his lips are eloquent;—
Timid maid! reply!

Open now the temple-gate,
Spring on wings of joy elate,
  Truth, we honour thee!
Pour the glass, and join the hymn,
Ne'er may days of darkness dim
  Youth's fidelity.

Thou dost smile, sweet maid! but deem,
  Deem it worth a thought;
For that memorable dream
  Stores of wisdom brought.
Thou dost smile again—but know,
  It had lessons holy:
Fame, it told thee, was but—show;
  Worldly wisdom—folly.
This my song was meant to say,
Hope and trust, should guide our way—
  Maid! there's no mistaking:
This the genuine moral seems,
Miseries—are only dreams,
  Joy—is the awaking.

O my Cath'rine! never dwell
On that dream of gloom;
Heaven! build up her citadel,
There may grief ne'er come;
Not a cloud her joys o'ershade,
Not a joy decay;
Holy is that gentle maid
As the light of day.
Ne'er be it obscur'd by woe,
Let her days of comfort flow
Like a forest river;
And let joy, with smiles serene,
Be as it hath ever been,
Her bright guide for ever.

THEON AND ÆSCHINES.

To his country's penates wends Æschines home,
To the mist-cover'd land of Alpheus;
He long had sought happiness o'er the wide world,
But happiness fled—like a shadow.

And Bacchus and Venus, and pleasure and fame,
His heart had consumed—not contented;
The blossom of life had decay'd like his soul,
And hope had been banish'd by sadness.

The stream of the wavy Alpheus appears,
Alpheus, with flower-bedeck'd borders,
And wakes all the thoughts of the days hurried by,
And of youth-tide, for ever departed!

All the banks are as fair, all the fields are as bright,
And the sky smiles delighted above him;
But where is that hope which shed o'er them a ray,
A ray of ineffable beauty?

The dwelling of Theon now Æschines seeks;—
He dwelt in a peace-girded cottage;
His wishes all bounded, and moderate his hopes—
He dwelt on the shores of Alphéus.

'Twas just where Alpheus springs into the sea,
With olive trees deck'd and plantanas,
That Æschines saw a humble abode—
It was the mean dwelling of Theon.

In the hot arch of Heaven the day-tide declined,
The calm stream of waters was glowing;
A rosy smile play'd round the humble abode,
Where the myrtles of fragrance were blooming.

A white grave of marble, with myrtle-wreaths hung,
Appears on a gentle mound rising;
Where roses of fragrance, and jasmin's pale flowers,
Their branches entwined, interblended.

Theon sat near his hut;—he was lost in deep thought,
While he look'd on the purple-tinged billow;

Then suddenly turn'd on his Æschines—saw,
And remember'd his youthful companion.

'To Zeus—Preserver! be honour and praise!
Again dost thou see thy penates!'
Cried Theon—while rapture shone bright in his eye,
As he Æschines press'd to his bosom.

And with glances look'd through him again and again,
His visage was troubled and gloomy:
And Æschines mournfully gazed on his friend,
His gaze it was calm, but was mournful.

'O Theon! when first I abandon'd thee here,
Hope painted me visions of pleasure;
Far different my fate from my dreams—I have found
That hope is a faithless deceiver.

'And tell me, my Theon, has such been thy fate,
For such doth thy visage betoken?
Have sorrow and sadness intruded on thee,
And thy peaceful, domestic penates?'

Theon groan'd in his spirit, and look'd to the grave,
'These, these are the silent recorders,
If God lent us life to be wasted in joy—
Ah! life is the sister of sorrow.

'O no! I complain not of Zeus' decrees,
For life and the world beam with beauty;
But bliss that is fleeting, and dreams that are vain,
I chase not for earthly enjoyment.

'What time can create, and what time can destroy,
Why call we our own;—it was never;—
'Tis the soul's own possession, the spirit of love,
The thoughts that sublimely transport us.

'These, these are true bliss!—Friend, this is no dream,
I, Æschines! loved and was happy;
'Twas love that refined and enraptured my soul—
And that taught me the pleasure of living.

'Midst twilight sublimest conceptions appear'd,
Creation I saw in its glory,

And felt that my pilgrimage led through the world
To something far brighter above it.

'Woe is me! for I loved—she is gone—she is gone—
And the bliss is for ever departed,
That dawn'd with such lustre—how vainly it dawn'd!
How gaily—how swiftly it faded!

'O no! nought erases the track of the past,
In the heart it for ever endureth.
The sorrow of parting!—That, that too is love!—
And the heart loses nought of its treasure.

'And is not the pang which e'en death leaves behind
A germ which hope, bright and eternal,
Awakes; while the known, but the mist-cover'd land,
Gives back all we loved to our mem'ry.

'For he who has loved, and loved truly, my friend!
Can never, can never be lonely;
The world when *she* blossom'd, with *her* is still fill'd,
Ever present, unchang'd and immortal.

'Alone I tread onward the path of my doom,
To its boundary sublime ever tending;
She led me—she leads me—together we toil,
'Tis the bond which not death could dissever.

'Thoughts pure and sublime throw a charm over life!
And with ecstasy oft I look round me
On the fair face of earth, that is smiling with good,
On the wonderful, glorious creation.

'And peaceful I turn from the markstone of death
To the visions which hail me immortal;
And hope lights with glory the dulness of earth,
As Aurora the canopied heaven.

'Tis hope that exalts me far, far above fate,
And hallows this earthly existence;
And the thought, the proud thought I am *man*, swells my breast
With gratitude, triumph, and glory.

'This silent, this mystical gravestone, to me,
My friend! is a pledge and a token,

That the being which faith has depictured shall dawn
As sure as the past is departed.

'This grave is the door—the lock'd door of delight—
Will it open?—I hope, and expect it:
On *that* side the pris'ner is waiting, who here
For a moment was seen—and departed.

'O friend! thou pursuest a false, fleeting good,
Thou snatchest the joy of a moment,
Thou losest the bliss that is sure and sublime,
And a life that is priceless despisest.

'This feeling of gloom, it benightens the earth—
Give your hand!—In the bosom of friendship
Let the world, and let nature be lovely again,
For, believe me, the earth is most lovely.

'When life was conferr'd, *all, all* was conferr'd—
'Tis the path, 'tis the promise of greatness;
And sorrow and joy, they are means to that end—
Praise Zeus—O praise the Creator!'

THE BARD.

THROUGH the dark wood seest thou that thorn-crown'd
heap,
That o'er the lingering rivulet seems to rest;
Where the still stream glides by, as if in sleep,
And scarce a leaf is by the zephyr prest:
There hangs a harp—a garland, see!
That heap—it is a minstrel's bed:
There are his ashes scattered—
Bard! woe is thee!

His soul was lovely—infant purity
Dwelt in his heart—a fleeting pilgrim, driven
By life's first gales o'er seas of misery,
Sighing and longing for death's silent haven—
That haven reach'd he speedily:
He sleeps death's sleep—so dark, so dull—
His life was short, but sorrowful—
Bard! woe is thee!

He sang the song of friendship loud and sweet—
But ah! the friend is gone;—his holy strain
Breathed of pure love—'twas sad, though exquisite,
For he knew nought of love but love's deep pain!
All slumbers now—all—silently,
Young bard! with thee—thy music's breath
Is still—still'd by the frown of death:—
Bard! woe is thee!

Here, by this shrine, when the tir'd sun was setting
In melancholy brightness, thus he pour'd
His farewell hymn, 'Fair world! thy charms forgetting,
'I leave thee, and for ever!—I adored
'A wild dream's shade—an ecstasy!
''Tis past!—Thou lyre! be still—my hand
'Is chill'd—I seek a brighter land:—
'Bard! woe is thee!

'That wild dream fled—what else is left?—the sky
'O'erclouded—the storm raging—an abyss
'Yawning around—hopes that just smile, and fly
'To darkness—solid woes, and shadowy bliss.

'Haven of peace! for me, for me
'Prepare thy welcome, grave, whose road,
'Though misty, leads to joy's abode!
'Bard! woe is thee!'

Yes! he is fled—that magic harp is still,
His footstep-traces now are worn away;
And sorrow dwells on stream, and vale, and hill—
And silence, save when thoughtless zephyrs play
With the dried wreath that carelessly
Hangs—or in twilight's feeble ray
Some spirit bids the harp-strings say,
Bard! woe is thee!

Karamsin.

KARAMSIN.

RAÏSSA.

In the dark night the storm-wind rages,
The gray flash trembles in the sky;
Rolls from the blackening clouds the thunder,
And rattling torrents sweep the wood.

No signs of life, of living beings,
The welcoming roof had shelter'd all,
All but one lost and lonely wanderer—
Raïssa—to the dark night bare.

Despair was seated in her bosom;
The thunder-tempest moved her not;
And even the hurricane's loud howling
Scarce drown'd Raïssa's heavy plaints.

Her cheek was like the faded foliage,
Her lip—th' unwater'd, withering flow'r;
Upon her eye—a veil of darkness,
And fearful were her bosom's throbs.

There hurried from her snowy bosom,
Which savage, thorny boughs had torn,
Of burning blood a crimson rivulet—
It fell upon the green damp ground.

Above the sea, a granite mountain
Raised proudly its gigantic head;
Raïssa scaled it, wandering lonely
Through clefts and stony pyramids.

The deep raged furiously—the lightning
Frightfully flash'd;—the mountain-waves
Roll'd, lifting up their maddening voices;
And the earth trembled as they spoke.

Raïssa look'd around—was silent:
But soon her tones of sorrow burst,

And mingled with the raging tempest—
'Lost—lost for ever! Woe is me!

'Kronīd—Kronīd—O cruel lover!
O whither, whither art thou fled?
Why hast thou left thy own Raïssa
Alone in such a dreadful night?

'Kronīd—return—return—forgiveness,
Forgetfulness, shall both be thine:
No!—Thou wilt come not to Raïssa—
Why did I know thee—wherefore love?

'My father and my mother loved me,
And fondest love was their return;
My days roll'd by, on downy pinions,
Midst harmless sports and joyous thoughts.

'Thou didst approach me like an angel,
And, sighing, these sweet words didst say:
'I love thee—yes! I love—Raïssa!'
My parents' love I soon forgot.

'Transported, yet with trembling bosom,
And weeping in that dream of bliss,
Into thy opening arms I threw me,
And gave my heart alone to thee.

'On thee reposed and dwelt my spirit,
I breathed, I lived for thee alone;
The sun in thy sweet smile was beaming,
Thou wert my present deity.

'Why, when thy bosom beat with rapture,
Why died I not—in transports then:
Had I not seen thee false and treacherous,
How sweet, how blessed 'twere to die.

'But ah! while thus securely dreaming
In deepest sleep, another maid
Loved and was loved—and I am banished—
Banished is thy Raïssa now.

'I thought I lay upon his bosom—
I stretch'd my arms t' embrace him there—

I but embraced the heedless breezes—
He was already far away.

'The dream was fled—and I awoke me—
I call'd thee—all was still as death:
I sought thee with strain'd eye—but vainly—
My friend, my friend was no where found.

'I hurried to a mountain-summit,
I—hapless-spirited! Kronīd
Is fled afar with his Liudmilla!
Then sank I senseless on the earth.

'And since that miserable moment
My days, my nights in sorrow flow;
I seek thee—every where I call thee—
But never hast thou heard my voice.

'And now the spirit-worn Raïssa
Calls on thee for the last, last time;—
For peace has left my soul for ever.—
Farewell! and be without me blest!'

So spoke Raïssa—and she threw her
Into the sea. The thunder roar'd:
The heavens announced that she had perish'd
To him that had destroy'd her there.

THE HAVEN.

When the dangerous rocks are past,
When the threatening tempests cease,
O how sweet to rest at last
In a silent port of peace!

Though that port may be unknown,
Though no chart its name may bear,
Brightly beam its lights on *one*—
Blest to find his refuge there.

There he paints the joyous band—
Friends and family—what more?
Bliss!—he cries—thou hallow'd land!
And he springs upon the shore.

Life! thou art the storm—the rock!
Death! the friendly port thou art:—
Haven from the tempest shock,
Welcoming the wanderer's heart.

Yes! I see from yonder tomb
Promised peace and tranquil rest:
Death! my haven! I shall come,
Soothe me on thy mother-breast.

SONG OF THE GOOD TZAR.

Pœsnya o dobrom Tzarœ.

Russia had a noble Tzar,
Sovereign honour'd wide and far;
He a father's love enjoy'd,
He a father's power employ'd.

And he sought his children's bliss,
And their happiness was his:
Left for them his golden halls,
Left for them his palace walls.

He, a wanderer for them,
Left his royal diadem:
Staff and knapsack all his treasure;
Toil and danger all his pleasure.

Wherefore hath he journey'd forth,
From his glorious, sceptred north?

Flying pride, and pomp, and power;
Suffering heat, and cold, and shower.

Why?—because this noble king,
Light and truth and bliss might bring,
Spread intelligence, and pour
Knowledge out on Russia's shore.

Wherefore would this noble king
Light and truth and virtue bring,
Spread intelligence, and pour
Knowledge out on Russia's shore?

He would guide by wisdom's ray
All his subjects in their way;
And while beams of glory giving,
Teach them all the arts of living.

O thou noble King and Tzar!
Earth ne'er saw so bright a star—
Tell me, have ye ever found
Such a prince the world around?

TO ——.

Where art thou lingering, tell me, thou fair one?
There where the nightingale wakes her soft music,
In the night's darkness complaining
From the top boughs of the myrtle?

There, where in solitude murmurs the streamlet,
Gliding along its green borders unnoticed,
Soothing man's turbulent bosom
Gently to peace and to silence?

There, where the rose in its pride and its glory
Blushes, bedew'd with the tears of the morning,
While with the breezes disporting;
Whispering its thoughts to the zephyrs?

There, where the sun first illumines the mountain—
Heights inaccessible—cloud-fashion'd palace—
Where, in the ages departed,
Spirits and gods had their dwellings?

Oft have I heard thy sweet voice gently speaking,
Oft on thy throne of bright clouds have I seen thee,
Stretch'd out my arms to embrace thee—
Ah!—I had seized but a shadow.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sing in the forest's leafy night,
Gentle bird—unnoticed sing;
Sing in Luna's silver light,
Tones of sorrow echoing.
Tell me why my tears are falling
Like a rivulet—tell me why
Memory, when the past recalling,
Blends thee with the days gone by?
Ah! those hallow'd friends I number,
Who upon earth's peaceful breast
In death's tomb of silence slumber!
Green moss decks their place of rest.
All their turfs, sweet flowers adorn them,
I am left alone to mourn them—
Still I mourn them—still regret—
Therefore like a rivulet
Flow my tears—with whom shall I
Now thy sweetest strains enjoy?

Who shall greet the spring with me?
Spring is winter—wanting thee.
Now my soul must bow, subdued,
Life has no vicissitude; —
All is dark—my heart is weary—
And the world—all waste and dreary.
Tell me, lovely nightingale,
When thy gentle song will fall
On my grave? for O its breath
Is meet melody for death.

Dolgorukov.

DOLGORUKOV.

THE LEGACY.

When time's vicissitudes are ended
Be this, be this my place of rest;
Here let my bones with earth be blended,
Till sounds the trumpet of the blest.
For here, in common home, are mingled
Their dust, whom fame or fortune singled;
And those whom fortune—fame pass'd by:
All mingled—and all mouldering;—folly
And wisdom—mirth and melancholy—
Slaves—tyrants—all mixt carelessly.

List! 'tis the voice of time—Creation's
Unmeasured arch repeats the tone;
Look! even like shadows, mighty nations
Are born—flit by us—and are gone!

See! children of a common father,
See stranger-crowds, like vapors gather;
Sires—sons—descendants—come and go:
Sad history! Yet even there the spirit
Some joys may build—some hopes inherit,
And wisdom gather flowers from woe.

There, like a bee-swarm, round the token
Of unveil'd truth, shall sects appear,
And evil's poisonous sting be broken
In the bright glance of virtue's spear.
And none shall ask—What dormitory
Was this man's doom—what robes of glory
Wore he—what garlands crown'd his brow—
Was pomp his slave?—Come, now discover
The heart, the soul—Delusion 's over—
What was his *conduct?*—Answer now!

Where stands yon hill-supported tower,
By Fili, shall I wake again,
Summon'd to meet Almighty Power
In judgment—like my fellow men.

I shall be there—and friends and brothers—
Sisters and children—fathers, mothers,—
With joy that never shall decay;
The soul, substantial blessings beaming,
(All here is shadowy and seeming)
Drinks bliss—no time can sweep away.

Friends, on my brow, that rests when weary,
Erect no proud and pompous pile:
Your monuments are vain and dreary,
Their splendour cannot deck the vile.
A green grave, by no glare attended,
With other dust and ashes blended,
O let my dust and ashes lie;
There, as I sleep, time, never sleeping,
Shall gather ages to his keeping,
For such is nature's destiny.

My wife, my children shall inherit
All I possess'd—'twas mine—'tis theirs;
For death, that steals the living spirit,
Gives all earth's fragments to its heirs.

Send round no circling-briefs of sorrow,
No garments of the raven borrow;
'Tis idle charge—'tis costly pride.
Be gay, through rain or frosty weather,
Nor gather idle priests together
To chaunt my humble grave beside.

Cry, orphans!—cry, ye poor!—imploring
The everlasting God, that *He*
May save me when I sink—adoring—
Amidst his boundless mercy-sea.
My blessing to my foes be given,
Their curses far from me be driven,
Nor break upon my hallow'd bliss;
God needs no studied words from mortals,
A sigh may enter Heaven's wide portals—
He could not err—He taught us this.

No songs, no elegy—death hearkens
To music ne'er though sweet it be:
When o'er you night's oblivion darkens,
Then let oblivion shadow me.

No verse will soften Hades' sadness,
No verse can break on Eden's gladness,
'Tis all parade, and shifting glare:—
A stream—where scatter'd trees are growing,
A secret tear—in silence flowing—
No monument as these so fair.

Such slumber here—their memory flashes
Across my thoughts.—Hail—Sister! hail—
I kiss thy sacred bed of ashes,
And soon shall share thy mournful tale.
Thou hast paid thy earthly debts—'tis ended—
Thy cradle and thy tomb are blended,
The circle of thy being run;
And now in peace thy history closes,
And thy still'd, crumbling frame reposes
Where life's short, feverish play is done.

I live and toil—my thoughts still follow
The idle world:—my cares pursue
Dreams and delusions, baseless, hollow,
And vanities still false though new.

Then fly I earthly joys—I find them
Leave terror-working stings behind them:
'Beware! beware!' experience cries;
Yet ah! how faint the voice of duty,
One smile of yonder flattering beauty
Would make me waste even centuries.

Batiushkov.

BATIUSHKOV.

TO F. F. KOKOSHKIN,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS BRIDE.

Ah! the flower is dead—the beauty is departed—
All is fled we cherished;
Love and Friendship, weep! Weep, Hymen, broken-hearted!
Happiness is perished.

Friendship! thy swift hands, with smiles and joys, array'd her
In her living glory;
Now, with sighs and tears, those trembling hands have laid her
In earth's dormitory.

Plant the cypress there, the yew's dark umbrage borrow,
For such shade is meetest;
Scatter wreaths, which youth shall dew with tears of sorrow,
For youth's tears are sweetest.

All is gloomy round—the gale, while it reposes,
Drops its tone of gladness:
And some shadowy ghost strips all the budding roses—
'Tis the shrine of sadness.

Hymen lingers here—pale, fetter'd, chill'd, despairing,
Bent by grief undying:
See his folded arms, bent eyes—his torch, yet flaring,
On the grave is lying.

THE FAREWELL.

Bent o'er his sabre, torrents starting
From his dim eyes, the bold hussar
Thus greets his cherish'd maid, while parting
For distant fields of war:

'Weep not, my fair one! O forbear thee!
No anguish can those tears remove;
For, by my troth and beard, I swear thee,
Time shall not change my love.

'That love shall bloom—a deathless blossom,
My shield in fight—with sword in hand,
And thou, my Lila, in my bosom,
What shall that sword withstand?

'Weep not, my fair one! O forbear thee!
Those tears can bid no grief depart;
And were I faithless, Maid! I swear thee,
Anguish would tear my heart!

'Then my good steed would sure betray me,
And falter in the battle-fray,
In peril's hours refuse t' obey me—
My stirrup would give way.

'The sword, my valour's proudest token,
When grasp'd, like rotten wood would break;
And I should seek thee, spirit-broken,
Death's paleness on my cheek.'

But the false horseman's steed obey'd him,
Gentle and eager still;—his sword,
Bright and unbroken, ne'er betray'd him,
Though he broke oath and word.

The tale of love—the tears which shower'd
From Lila's eye—were all forgot;
The rose-wreath faded—pale—deflower'd:—
Such buds re-blossom not!

That maiden's breast of peace he rifles;
Then hies him to another's breast;

Man's oaths to woman are but—trifles;
And love itself—a jest.

He serves—secures—and then he slights them;
His vows are change—and treachery;
For laughing Cupid's arrow writes them
Upon the shifting sea.

THE FRIEND'S SHADOW.

Sunt aliquid manes; letum non omnia finit;
Luridaque evictos effugit umbra rogos.
PROPERTIUS.

To Albion's misty isle across the waves I sped me:
It look'd as if interr'd beneath a leaden sea,
And gathering round our bark the halcyon's music led me,
While all the crew rejoiced in their sweet melody.
The dancing surge, the evening breezes falling,
And through the sails and shrouds those breezes whistling thrill,
And to the watch the active helmsman calling,
The watch, who, midst the roar, sleeps tranquilly and still.
All seem'd to rock itself to gentle thought;
Like an enchanted one, I, from the mast, look'd forth,
And through the night and through the mist I sought,
I sought the star beloved of my domestic north.

Then into memory melted every feeling—
My soul had sanctified my home of joy and peace,
And the sea raging, and the zephyrs gently stealing,
Cover'd my eyelids o'er with self-forgetfulness.
Then dreams with other dreams were blended,
And lo! there stood—was it a dream?—the form
Of that dear friend who his career had ended
Nobly, amidst the thundering battle storm.
He stood upon the mist, and smiled—his face,
Fresh as the morn and bloodless, shining
Like the young spring in gaiety and grace,
Even as an angel from high heaven declining:—
'Comrade of better time! and is it thou?
And is it thou?' I cried, 'thou hero bright!
Did I not in the fury of the fight
Attend thee—and when thou hadst fallen below
Make thy new grave—and on a neighbouring tree
Write with my sword thy feats of bravery,
And follow'd thy cold ashes to their bed,
And hallow'd it with prayers, and with tears watered?
Speak, unforgotten one! speak! was it a deceit?
Is all that's past a dream—a cheating dream?

A dream that corpse—a dream that grave—that sheet
Wrapt round thee—were they not—did they but *seem*?
O but one word! let that tongue's melody
Yet sweetly fall on my transported ear:
O unforgotten one! stretch out to me
Thy old right hand of friendship—stretch it here.'
I sprung towards him—Oh! the mists had dimm'd my eye—
He vanish'd like a shade—a lock of airy smoke—
Dispersed in the wide azure of the sky,
And I, arousing from my dream, awoke.
Beneath the wing of stillness all was sleeping;
The very winds—the very waves, at rest;
And scarce a breath upon the sea was creeping;
The pale moon swam along upon the white cloud's breast.
But I was troubled—peace had left my soul—
I stretch'd my hands tow'rds him, whom I no more could see—
I called on him—whom I could not control—
On thee—belov'd one! best of friends! on thee!

LOVE IN A BOAT.

'Tis a calm and silent even,
Luna rests upon the sea;
See! the impelling breeze has driven,
Driven a little bark to me.

What a lovely child is seated
At the helm—a trembling child!
'Thou wilt perish, boy ill-fated!
Whelm'd among the surges wild.'

'Help me! help me! gentle stranger!
All my strength, alas! is gone:
Take the helm—conduct the ranger
To some harbour of thy own.'

Pity's warmth, that never freezes,
Bid me seize the helm:—we sped,
Wafted by awakening breezes,
As by feather'd arrows led.

Swiftly, swiftly then we glided
By the flowery shores along;
Reach'd a spot where joy presided,
Smiling nymphs, and dance and song.

Music welcomed us and laughter,
Garlands at our feet were thrown;
Then I look'd my wanderer after—
I was left—the bark was gone.

On the stormy shore I laid me,
Careless of the surge's spray;
Sought the child who had betray'd me,
Saw him laugh—and row away.

Lo! he beckons—lo! he urges—
Through the noisy waves I fly:
Off he speeds across the surges,
Laughing out with louder joy.

Wet and weary, I retreated
To the scene of revelry:—

'Twas a fairy dream that cheated—
All was blank obscurity.

Wanderer! if that boat should ever
Meet thy vision, O be coy!
'Tis delusive—trust him never—
Cupid is a wicked boy.

THE PRISONER.

THERE, where the swift Rhone's waters flow
Its verdant banks between;
Where fragrant myrtles bending grow,
And Rhone reflects their green;
There, where the vineyards deck the hills,
And o'er the valleys spread,
Which golden citrons' fragrance fills,
And plantains rear their head—

There stood, as sunk the lord of day,
Upon the smiling shore,
One who long watch'd the waters play,
And thought his sorrows o'er;
A Russian hero—stolen by war,
The honour of the Don;
Divided from his friends afar,
He wander'd there alone.

'O roll!' he sang, 'ye waters roll—
Flow in your glory on;
Your waves shall waken on my soul
The memory of the Don.
My days pass by without an aim,
Amidst life's busy roar;
For what is life without its fame,
Or the bright world?—'tis poor.

'Now nature wears its spring-tide dress,
The sun shines splendidly;
All liberty and loveliness—
O! why am I not free?
O roll, ye waters! rage, thou Rhone!
And waken, as ye roll,
The thoughts of my domestic zone
Within my troubled soul.

'The maidens here are fair and bright,
Their glance is full of fire;
And their all-graceful smiles of light
Might satisfy desire.

'But what is love in foreign lands,
Or joy?—I only know
The joy and love that bless our sands,
Midst forests and midst snow.

'Give me my freedom—let me tread
Once more my country's strand;
With frost and storm all overspread—
My home—my father-land!
Deep is the snow around my door;
But give me my own steed,
And day and night, the mountains o'er,
Me to my home he 'll lead.

'At home, there 's one who sits and keeps
The memory of her love;
And often to the window creeps,
And pours her prayers above.
She guards the thoughts of him whose mind
Guards every thought of her;
She pats the horse I left behind—
How privileged to be there!

'O roll, thou Rhone! ye waters roll—
Rush in your glory on;
Your waves still waken in my soul
The memory of the Don.
Come, winds! come hither from the north,
Come, in your freshness, come:
And thou bright pole-star blazen forth,
Memento of my home!'

So spake the prisoner, as he turn'd
To Lyons his tired eye,
When long in exile's chains he mourn'd
His hapless destiny.
He sang—the Rhone roll'd proudly on,
The moon oft kiss'd its tide;
And oft on Lyons' turrets shone
The sun in all his pride.

TO THE RHINE.

FRAGMENT.

HERE, in the misty days of time departed,
The ranks of bards oft tuned their solemn hymn;
Teutonic minstrels sang—gay—eager-hearted—
Still'd is their music now—their light is dim.
Thy waves roll on—they roll as then—
Their proud, untired, untroubled way—
Eternal is thy course—while men,
Unlike thy waves—decline—decay.

Merslakov.

MERSLAKOV.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.

Isaiah xiv. 5—28.

'Tis over—she exists no more—
The terror of the bad and good
Is fallen—an awful solitude
Spreads all her insolent trophies o'er.
Her crumbling ruins are in dust:
The Almighty, in his anger just,
Has scatter'd all her glories. He—
The Lord—hath riven the heavy yoke—
He hath th'accursed sceptre broke,
And given his people liberty.

Thus did the Lord—the Lord of might!
His day of wrath for us is past;
The smiter he hath smittën at last,
And beam'd on us his smile of light.
Joy round his Israel's tents has sped,
And grateful Lebanon bows his head,
And joins with ours his song of praise:
The heavenly cedars from on high
Bending—'And thou art razed,' they cry,
'And we have seen thy dying blaze.'

Destruction now, in robes of night,
Hath veil'd thy fading rays in gloom;
Strange shadows round thee take their flight,
As on the storm the surges' foam.
The empress of a hundred states—
The city of the thousand gates—
Her glory in the dust is laid.
'What! thou who wert a god in pride,
'Is this thy fate—so magnified,
'And so defenceless—so decay'd?'

Where is thy pride, thy pageantry?
Where is thy glory, humbled thing?
O bid thy choral voices sing
The triumphs of thy vanity!
No! all is still—for, like a shade,
The idle tones of flattery fade;
And music's charms—a shifting play.
Murd'ress! how baseless was thy trust!
Thy house is night, thy bed the dust,
Thy covering—crawling worms of clay.

'There was a light from heaven that shone,
Dazzling all visions with its ray:
It shone in glory yesterday—
This morn it glanced—but now 'tis gone.
Then, thine was an imperial will—
Now, as the grave, thy voice is still.
Thou saidst, in insolent pride, 'My throne
'I'll build upon the highest star—
'Ride on the rolling clouds afar,
'And this proud Zion trample down.

'My car the glorious sky shall sweep,
'My towers the very heavens shall reach,
'Obedience to the gods to teach:'
And now—thou art a ruin'd heap.
The pilgrim who shall seek thee there,
Will only find a wild-beast's lair
In a vast desert: he shall stand
Trembling before the God of heaven,
And pray his sins may be forgiven,
And hide his pale cheek in his hand.

Was this the city that we fear'd,
This she whose fetter-bearing hands
Enslaved, insulted countless lands,
While misery in her train appear'd?
Who shall resist death's mighty claim?
Who shall oppose the good man's fame?
His sons shall watch his gen'rous fires,
And he shall live in memory's store,
In the wet eyelids of the poor,
Until he sleeps where sleep his sires.

Thou 'rt stretch'd upon the battle-plain,
And shame and misery hem thee round;
Indignant voices curse the ground
Where thou once rear'dst thy trophies vain.
Thou, the destroyer of thy sons!
Thou, thy own people's murderer once!
Now liest beneath th' unwholesome dew—
A peaceful grave is now denied thee.
The God of vengeance stands beside thee,
Thy children's children to pursue.

'Now rise, in all thy fury rise,
Sprout of the fallen accursed race;
New threats of slavery I trace—
Another plague towards us flies.
No! God hath said: 'My strength shall wake,
And in the storm and thunder speak,
And sweep the daring hordes away;
Their towns the tygers' haunts shall be,
Their lands—the cradle of the sea,
And all their memory shall decay.'

He spake—and as He spoke 'twas done:
The mandate of Thy heavenly will
To utter, Lord! is to fulfil;
For art Thou not th' Almighty One?
Thou hast subdued their tyranny,
Broken our bonds of slavery;
Hast waved Thy fearful, fiery rod:
And who shall check Thy awful hand?
Who shall Thy thunderbolt withstand?
Who battle with a battling God?

Voeikov.

VOEIKOV.

TO MY FUTURE BRIDE.

O UNKNOWN being! thou whom long my soul has
sought,
Vision of fancy bright, thou mild and lovely queen!
Thou, vainly, long, pursued by my impatient thought,
Thou pure divinity unseen!

O tell me in what mist thou veil'st thy shadowy form!
O tell me where thy steps have left their wonted
trace!
For in hope's sunshine hour, and in grief's frowning
storm,
I feel thou art my resting place.

When I my civic post, or social circle fill,
And with th' infirm and poor my narrow portion share,
The widows' sorrows soothe, the orphans' murmuring still,
I know, sweet spirit! thou art there.

When fancy takes her flight beyond terrestrial things,
And towers above all space, and leaves behind all time;
And up to holiest stars of thought's creation springs,
Thou art her brightest dream sublime.

Once, in the moonlight's shade, I saw thee, angel! stand,
(Bent o'er a marble urn, whose waters gently swell'd)
Clad in celestial white, bound with an azure band,
A heavenly lyre thy fingers held.

And once, amidst a crowd, bright tears hung on thine eye,
Thy head sunk on thy breast, devotion seem'd t' engross

Thy thoughts, and kneeling, thou pray'dst heaven in ecstasy,
Pressing the consecrated cross.

I saw thee, angel-like, through yonder temple glide,
Scattering thy light around like some ray-crested saint,
Whispering sweet notes of peace, in the still eventide,
To many a pilgrim tired and faint.

I love to paint thee when thy bounty's generous store
Soothes the gray beggar's wants, and comforts the distrest,
Anoints the sick with oil, provides with bread the poor,
And for the houseless finds a rest.

And O! how blest, to dream that thou may'st yet be mine,
A very dove of peace, around my steps to hie,
Waking from thy sweet lyre a melody divine,
Gay as a summer butterfly.

And when upon the wave, midst twilight's peaceful
gleam,
I launch my little bark, wilt thou sit smiling by,
And with thy lovely hand conduct it o'er the stream,
And rule my blessed destiny;

And listen to my tale of fond and passionate love:
Not, like a ghost, as now, but holding in thy hand
A golden lamp; nor e'er seek thy own shrine above,
But throw aside thy misty band.

My guardian spirit, hail! unveil thee in thy bloom,
For thou art lovelier far than feeble poet's art;
Come in thy virtues now—in all thy glory come,
And fill the vacuum of my heart.

Muravïev.

MURAVIEV.

TO THE GODDESS OF THE NEVA.

Glide, majestic Neva! glide thee,
Deck'd with bright and peaceful smiles;
Palaces are raised beside thee,
Midst the shadows of the isles.

Stormy Russian seas thou bindest
With the ocean—by the grave
Of our glorious Tzar thou windest,
Which thy grateful waters lave.

And the middle-ocean's surges
All thy smiling naiads court;

While thy stream to Paros urges,
And to Lemnos' classic port.

Hellas' streams, their glory shaded,
See the brightest memories fade;
Glassy mirrors—how degraded!
Dimmed by Kislar Aga's shade.

While thy happier face is bearing
Ever-smiling images,
On thy busy banks appearing
Crowds in gaiety and peace.

Thames' and Tagus' gathering prizes,
Spread their riches o'er thy breast,
While thy well-known banner rises,
Rises proudly o'er the rest.

In thy baths what beauties bathe them,
Goddesses of love and light;
There Erota loves to swathe them
In the brightest robes of night.

Cool thy smiling banks at even,
Cool thy grottos and thy cells,
Where, by gentle breezes driven,
Oft the dancing billow swells.

Then thou gatherest vapours round thee,
Veil'st thee in thy twilight dress;
Love and Mirth have now unbound thee—
Yield thee to thy waywardness.

Thou dost bear the dying over,
Weary of his earthly dream[1];
And with awful mists dost cover
All the bosom of the stream.

With thy car thou troublest never
The calm silence of the deep;
Syrens dance around thee ever,
Laughing o'er thy quiet sleep.

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[1] The burying-place at Petersburg is on the other side of the Neva.

Peaceful goddess! oft the singer
Sees thee, in his ecstasy,
On the rock he loves to linger,
Sleepless—then he meets with thee.

BOLESLAV,

KING OF POLAND.

Fame and glory's feeble embers
Fade o'er many a hero brave;
But the faithful Pole remembers
The good prince—King Boleslav.

True to love, though purple-girded—
True to friendship, though a king;
In his inner soul there herded
Thoughts for ever festering.

He was happy—but two brothers
Saw with dark and secret hate
Their proud father-land another's—
They aspired to rule the state.

They were loved—the king delighted
All his love to pour on them;

But a maiden's faith was plighted,
And he saw the promised gem.

As the lily, courted only
By the breezes of the wood;
So Volhynia's princess lonely,
Shrouded her in solitude.

Sbignei saw—and loved—communion
Of affections swiftly grew:
They were sworn to holy union,
Sworn to Hymen's pledges true.

List!—the trumpets call the forces;
See the dust clouds on the fields;
Hark!—the impatient neigh of horses—
'To the fight!'—and Sbignei yields.

To the town the monarch drew him,
Not in pride of victory;—
Saw the princess—and he threw him
Bending at the lady's knee.

Tears adown her cheeks were flowing,
And in agony she cried:
'Whither is my Sbignei going?
'O desert me not—thy bride!'

Yet two moons had told their story—
Sick with love is Boleslav;
He forgot his martial glory,
And his army true and brave.

Sbignei now all truce hath broken,
His Bohemian troops he calls;
See his rebel standard-token
Marching on Volhynia's walls.

'Tis in vain—he is forsaken—
The Bohemian bands have fled;
He himself a prisoner taken—
But his vizor veils his head.

See!—the jealous king espies him
Sleeping on Volhynia's knee—

Draws his dagger and destroys him—
'Twas his brother!—'twas not he!

Who shall tell the murderer's madness—
Who shall paint his deathlike look?
There he stood, in grief and sadness,
Staggering—starting—thunderstruck.

Fain his steel he would have buried
In his tortur'd throbbing breast;
But th' attendant courtiers hurried,
From his hand that steel to wrest.

Then he left his kingly palace,
All he left—except his woe;
To the spot that Calvary hallows,
Pilgrim-like he vow'd to go.

Every city where he wander'd
Heard his crime, and heard his prayers:
O'er his wretched fate he ponder'd,
Asking pardon even with tears.

Be he pardon'd!—his repentance—
May it bring his soul relief:
Mournful is man's earthly sentence,
Glory is no shield from grief.

She bent her head, and the tears that fell
Were veil'd as there were shame in tears:
Her lips were closed, but a low 'farewell'
Had glided from those lips of hers.

The pale moon shone, and she raised her eye,
It sparkled in the heavenly ray—
A smile awoke, and the tear was dry—
And the maiden sped her on her way.

Kapnist.

KAPNIST.

ON JULIA'S DEATH.

The evening darkness shrouds
  The slumbering world in peace,
And from her throne of clouds
  Shines Luna through the trees.
My thoughts in silence blend,
  But gather'd all to thee:
Thou moon! the mourner's friend,
  O come! and mourn with me.

Upon her grave I bow,
  The green grave where she lies:
O hear my sorrows now,
  And consecrate my sighs!

This is her ashes' bed—
  Here her cold relics sleep—
Where I my tears shall shed
  While this torn heart can weep.

O Julia! never rose
  Had half the charms of thee—
My comfort—my repose—
  O! thou wert all to me.
But thou art gone—and I
  Must bear life's load of clay—
And pray—and long to die—
  Though dying day by day.

But I must cease to sing,
  My lyre all mute appears—
Alas! its plaintive string
  Is wetted with my tears.
O! misery's song must end—
  My thoughts all fly to thee:—
Thou moon! the mourner's friend,
  O come and mourn with me!

Petrov.

PETROV.

ON THE

VICTORY OF THE RUSSIAN OVER THE TURKISH FLEET.

O TRIUMPH! O delight!' O time so rich in fame
Unclouded, bright and pure as the sun's mid-day
flame!
Ruthenia's strength goes forth—see from the sea
emerge
The Typhons of the north—the lightning, in its might,
Flashes in dazzling light,
And subject is the surge.

They wander o'er the waves—their eye impatiently
Seeks where the Moslem's flag flaunts proudly o'er
the sea—
'Tis there!—'tis there! exclaim the brave impatient
crowd—

The sails unfurl'd—each soul with rage and courage
burns—
Each to the combat turns—
They meet—it thunders loud!

I see from Ætna's rocks a floating army throng:
A hero, yet unsung, wafts the proud choir along—
The masts, a fir tree wood—the sails, like outspread
wings.
List! to the shoutings—see! the flash—they thun-
der near.
Earthquakes and night are there—
With storms the welkin rings.

There *January* speeds—there *Svætoslav* moves on,
And waves and smoke alike are into tempest thrown;
And there the ship that bears the three-times hallow'd
name[1],
And *Rotislav* and *Europe*, there triumphant ride;
While the agitated tide
Is startled with the flame.

[1] The Trinity.

Eustav, in fire conceal'd, scatters the death-like brand,
And earth and heaven are moved, and tremble sea and land;
And there, a mountain pile, sends round the deeds of death,
As if Vesuvius' self in combat were engaged—
While other mountains raged,
And pour'd their flaming breath.

The roar, the whiz, the hum, in one commingling sound,
The clouds of smoke that rise, and spread and roll around;
The waves attack the sky in wild and phrenzied dance;
The sails are white as snow; and now the sun looks on,
Now shrouds him on his throne—
And the swift lightnings glance.

Hard proof of valour this—the spirit's fiery test:
Fierce combat—grown more fierce—bear high the burning breast!

See, on the waves there ride two mountains, fiery-
bound,
Ætna and Hecla, loose on ocean's heaving bed—
The burning torches spread,
And ruin stalks around.

Ocean, and shore, and air, rush backward at the sight,
The Greek and Turk stand still, and groan in wild
affright;
Calm as a rock the Russ is welcoming death with
death;
But ah! destruction now blazes its fiery links,
And even victory sinks
Its heavy weight beneath.

O frightful tragedy!—a furnace is the sea—
The triumph ours—the flames have reach'd the enemy:
He burns—he dies in smoke—beneath the struggle
rude
The northern heroes sink, with weariness opprest,
And ask a moment's rest,
As if they were subdued.

And whence that threatening cloud that hangs upon
their head?
That threatens now to burst—What! is their leader
dead?
And is he borne away, who all our bosoms warm'd?
He fell—there lies his sword—there lie his shield and
helm—
What sorrows o'erwhelm
The conqueror disarm'd!

O no! he wakes again from night—he waves his hand,
Beckoning to the brave ranks that, mourning, round
him stand:
'My brother!' cried he—'Heaven! and is my brother
gone?—
Their sails unfurl—My friends! O see! O see! they
fly—
On—'Death or vengeance!' cry,
On, on to Stambul's throne!'

He fled—O herð! peace! there is no cause for grief,
He lives—thy brother lives, and Spiridov, his chief:

No dolphin saved them there—it was the Almighty
God,
The God who sees thy deeds, thy valour who approves,
And tries the men he loves
With his afflictive rod.

The dreadful dream is past—past like a mist away,
And dawns, serene and bright, a cloudless victory day:
The trump of shadeless joy—the trump of triumph
speaks;
The hero and his friend are met, and fled their fears;
They kiss each others cheeks,
They water them with tears.

They cried 'And is our fame, and is our glory stain'd?
God is our shield—revenge and victory shall be
gain'd—
We live—and Mahmoud's might a hundred times shall
fall;
We live—the astonish'd world our hero-deeds shall see,
And every victory
A burning fleet recall.

Whence this unusual glare o'er midnight's ocean
spread:
At what unwonted hour has Phœbus left his bed?
No! they are Russian crowds who struggle with the
foe,
'Tis their accordant torch that flashes through the
night.
Sequana! see the might
Of Stambul sink below.

The harbour teems with life, an amphitheatre
Of sulphurous pitch and smoke, and awful noises there;
The fiends of hell are loose, the sea has oped its caves,
Fate rides upon the deep, and laughs amidst the fray,
Which feeds with human prey
The monsters of the waves.

See, like a furnace boils and steams the burning flood,
'Tis fill'd with mortal flesh, 'tis red with mortal blood,
Devour'd by raging flames, drunk by the thirsty wave,
The clouds seem palpable—a thick and solid mass—
They sink like stone or brass
Into their water-grave.

Thou ruler of the tomb!—Dread hour of suffering,
When all the elements——Drop, Muse! thy feeble wing!
Hell, with its fiends—and all the fiends that man e'er drew
There mingled—Silence veil that awful memory o'er!
I see the hero pour
The tears of pity too!

O Peter! great in song, as great in glory once,
Look from thy throne sublime upon thy Russia's sons:
See, how thy fleets have won the palm of victory,
And hear the triumph sound, even to the gate of heaven—
The Turkish strength is riven
Even in the Turkish sea.

Thee, Copenhagen saw—the Neptune of the Belt;
Now Cherma's humbled sons before thy flag have knelt.
The helpless Greeks have fled—thy banner sees their shore,

Trembling they look around, while thy dread thunder swells,
And shakes the Dardanelles,
And Smyrna hears its roar.

Gallicians! fear ye not the now advancing flame,
Recording, as it flies, your own, your country's shame?
In the dark days of old, your valiant fathers trod
In the brave steps of Rome, towards lands of southern glow;
Ye fight with Russians now,
Beneath the Moslems' rod.

Where innocence is found—there, there protection wakes;
Where Catherine's voice is heard—there truth, there justice speaks:
A ruler's virtues are the strength and pride of states,
And surely ours shall bloom where Catherine's virtues stand.
O enviable land!
Glory is at our gates.

Soar, eagle! soar again, spring upward to the height,
For yet the Turkish flag is flaunting in the light:
In Cherma's port it still erects its insolent head,
And thou must pour again thy foes' blood o'er the sea,
And crush their treachery,
And wide destruction spread!

But fame now summons thee from death to life again,
The people's comfort now, their glory to maintain;
The hero's palm is won.—Now turn thee and enhance
The hero's triumphs with the patriot's milder fame.
O Romans! without shame
On Duil's spoils we glance.

We'll consecrate to thee a towering marble dome!
From yonder southern sea, O bring thy trophies home,
Bring Scio's trophies home,—those trophies still shall be
Thy glory, Orlov, thine!—the records of thy deeds,
When future valour reads
Astrea's victory!

O could my waken'd muse a worthy offering bring,
O could my grateful lyre a song of glory sing,
O could I steal from thee the high and towering
thought,
With thy proud name the world, the listening world
I'd fill;
And Camoens' harp be still,
And Gama be forgot!

Thine was a nobler far than Jason's enterprise,
Whose name shines like a star in history's glorious
skies:
He bore in triumph home the rich, the golden fleece;
But with thy valour thou, and with thy conquering
band,
Hast saved thy father land,
And given to Hellas peace.

But O! my tongue is weak to celebrate thy glory,
Thy valiant deeds shall live in everlasting story,
For public gratitude thy name will e'er enshrine—
Who loves his country, who his empress loves, will
throw

His garland on thy brow,
And watch that fame of thine.

But when thou humbledst low the Moslem's pride and
scorn,
And badest her crescent sink, her vain and feeble horn,
And pass'dst the Belt again, with songs and hymns
of joy,
Who that perceived thy flag, in all its mightiness,
What Russian could repress
The tears that dimm'd his eye?

I see the people rush to welcome thee again,
Thy ships, with trophies deep, upon the swelling main;
I see the maidens haste, the aged, and the young,
The children wave their hands, and to their fathers
turn,
And thousand questions burn
On their inquiring tongue.

'Is this the eagle proud of whom we have been told,
Who led against the Turks the Russian heroes bold,

And with their warriors' blood the azure ocean dyed?
Is this our Orlov—this, with eagle's heart and name[1],
His foe's reproach and shame,
And Russia's strength and pride?'

O yes! O yes! 'tis he—The eagle there appears,
And ocean bears him on, as proud of him she bears:
And see his brother too, who led to victory, there—
And Spirodov, whose praise all ages shall renew,
And Greig and Ilijn too—
The heroes—without fear.

But—wherefore do I rest—what fancies lead me on?
The glorious eagle now to Asia's coasts is flown,
O'er streams, and hills, and vales, he takes his course sublime,
My eye in vain pursues his all-subduing flight.
O vision of delight!
O victory-girded time!

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[1] *Orel* is the Russian for eagle. *Orlov*, inflection of the noun.

And heaven, and earth, and sea have seen our victories won,
And echo with the deeds that Catherine has done;
The Baltic coasts in vain oppose the march of Paul,
Not the vast north alone, but all th' Ægean sea
Shall own his sovereignty,
And the whole earthly ball!

Shatrov.

SHATROV.

TO THE ARMY OF THE DON.

Moskva is stunn'd with the thunder-storm's rattle:
See! for the Don has sprung over its banks,
Arm'd 'gainst the foe in fury and battle,
Crowd to the ranks!
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Trump of the Tzar! which to triumph calls loudly—
Spirits of Moskva!—ye warriors away!
Thousand times thousand arrange themselves proudly,
Ripe for the fray.
Arm'd for the right,
Strong in the fight!

'Strive against God and our Russia shall no men,'
Ataman cried, while he brandish'd his spear,
'Scatter'd like ashes, they perish—our foemen,
Where are they—where?'
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Fame-circled monarch! like waterfalls gushing
Down from the rocks, see thy children advance
On the false foe, in their energy rushing,
Sabre and lance!
Arm'd for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Russians shall make them a pathway victorious;
Russians shall conquer from Neva to Rhine;
Armies shall fly at their enterprise glorious;
Triumph is thine.
Arm'd for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Russia! O fear not! no foe shall assemble
Near thee—they shrink from the cross-flag ador'd.
Lo! at thy slings and thy sabres they tremble—
Ready thy sword!
Arm'd for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Yes! let thy enemy rage—let him hector—
Strong though he be, he shall fly from the field.
Is not the mother of God our protector—
Michael our shield?
Arm'd for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Ready!—to horse!—for the cannon shouts call our
Heroes to struggle for hopes so sublime!
God himself smiles on the high deeds of valour!—
Children, tis time!
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Rush on the Franks—as pyramids steady—
Say, shall they enter the heart of our land?
No! for our heroes are gathering all ready;
Firmly they stand,
Arm'd for the right,
Strong in the fight!

See! for our legions are wildly advancing,
Bonaparte flies from the Sons of the Don;
Dull is the fame that so brightly was glancing—
France is o'erthrown.
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Arrows like hailstones are clattering around us,
Sabres and spear-heads shine bright in the breeze,
And the swift bullets seem whispering—they sound as
Swarming of bees.
Arm'd for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Three hundred thousand twice reckon'd oppose them
Vainly to Russia—'tis glory to see
How a small band of Cossāks overthrows them—
Look how they flee.
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Cannons and muskets abandon'd—and duty
Forgotten—for death and for terror are nigh—
Willingly yield they their knapsacks and booty,
Only to fly.
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

See how the raven is crouching, affrighted,
Where the proud eagle has built its own home;
Russia hath left them alarm'd and benighted—
Russia their tomb.
Arm'd for the right,
Strong in the fight!

So is the generous struggle rewarded;
So do the insolent enemy bleed;
So is the palace-crown'd, liberty-guarded
Capital freed.
Arm for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Thanks to the Highest One! honour and glory—
He has conducted us—saved is the throne!
Praise to the Tzar—and may garlands grow o'er ye,
Sons of the Don!
Arm'd for the right,
Strong in the fight!

Vaesemsky.

VÆSEMSKY.

TO MY THREE ABSENT FRIENDS, ZH. B. AND S.

My brothers! whither scatter'd now?
What fate—what cruel fate could sever
Hands—souls—fast-bound—divided never?
But ye are fled—and fled for ever,
And I am left alone with woe!

The sigh I heave in silence here,
The careless zephyr bears away;
'Tis lost in twilight's darkening ray—
'Tis veil'd in night—it fades in day—
It ne'er will reach your listening ear.

Perchance even now, while round me roll
Dark storms and misty clouds—even now,
Pain's icy sweat upon his brow,
One calls upon his friend—and oh!
Death's wintry curtain wraps his soul.

Then sleep in peace, thou spirit blest!
My spirit seems to cling to thee;
From sorrow—to felicity
Wafted—thy bark has pass'd the sea
Of storms—in joy's calm port to rest.

How long shall absence' misery last?
When, when shall dawn the hour of meeting?
Shall ne'er again the blessed greeting
Of social bliss return?—How fleeting
Its rapture—'Tis for ever past!

Cold—cold—I feel my heart;—delight
Can kindle ne'er its fire again—
My tears flow forth—they flow in vain;
My smiles—no light those smiles retain;
For what awaked it sinks in night.

Time was—how blessed to recall
That time—when our hands garlanded
The fairest wreaths of roses red,
And in youth's spring the chorus led
To heaven—the source, the end of all.

Time was—but like a dream it fled!
The hymn—'tis now a funeral dirge;
The garland—'tis affliction's scourge;
The dance—its memories now emerge
Like ghosts, that wander midst the dead.

And now the plaint ascends!—Appear,
Appear, delightful hours, anew!
Spirit of youth, so fond, so true,
Awake!—Suns, once so bright, so few,
Shine—let illusion's mockery cheer!

But see! the darkness creeps away—
The clouds disperse—the storm is gone—
Thy smile returns not—blessed one!—
The mountains see the morning dawn—
To me, alas! there dawns no day.

To N. N.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS SON.

As in the mid-day sun the flower
Looks brightest, and then bends its head,
So fell thy son—how short his hour
Of bliss—how rapidly he fled!

Yet o'er his cradle—o'er his tomb,
An everlasting daylight shone;
A promise of bright days to come—
Why came he—only to be gone?

As mounts the incense to the skies,
A towering cloud—with cold, pale cheek
Thou saw'st him to his Maker rise,
And his own blessed country seek.

He gave to thee his last, last sigh,
Ere yet he heaved his latest breath;

He turn'd to thee his dying eye,
Ere it was mantled o'er by death.

Thou hadst indulged the sweetest dream
Which hope e'er built, or time decay'd;
And in the future's distant beam
Thy son a friend, a brother made.

The hours of youth's delightful reign,
And rapture's early, spring-tide joy;
Thou in his smiles hadst shared again,
And in thy boy wert twice a boy.

That vision is departed—Sleep
Soon leaves the weary, mortal eye:
Go—with his funeral cypress—weep;
Thy spirit's peace is slumbering nigh.

With thine my mingling tears I 'll bring—
Their bitterness he cannot know;—
The morning-rose I 'll o'er him fling—
He was a rose of morning too.

FRAGMENT.

The waves of Seine have seen the banner,
The eagle-banner, floating high;
There do the winds of glory fan her,
While flap her pinions to the sky.

Hers was a night of gloom—but morning
Has dawn'd on her triumphant flight;
And now, all fear and weakness scorning,
She soars to liberty and light.

Milonov.

MILONOV.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Th' autumnal winds had stripp'd the field
Of all its foliage, all its green;
The winter's harbinger had still'd
That soul of song which cheer'd the scene:

With visage pale, and tottering gait,
As one who hears his parting knell,
I saw a youth disconsolate;—
He came to breathe his last farewell.

'Thou grove! how dark thy gloom to me,
Thy glories riven by autumn's breath;

In every falling leaf I see
A threatening messenger of death.

'O Æsculapius! in my ear
Thy melancholy warnings chime:
Fond youth! bethink thee, thou art here
A wanderer—for the last—last time.

'Thy spring will winter's gloom o'ershade,
Ere yet the fields are white with snow;
Ere yet the latest flow'rets fade,
Thou in thy grave wilt sleep below.

'I hear a hollow murmuring,
The cold wind rolling o'er the plain—
Alas! the brightest days of spring
How swift, how sorrowful, how vain!

'O wave, ye dancing boughs, O wave!
Perchance to-morrow's dawn may see
My mother weeping on my grave—
Then consecrate my memory.

'I see, with loose, dishevell'd hair,
Covering her snowy bosom, come
The angel of my childhood there,
To dew with tears my early tomb.

'Then in the autumn's silent eve,
With fluttering wing, and gentlest tread,
My spirit its calm bed shall leave,
And hover o'er the mourner's head.'

Then he was silent—faint and slow
His steps retraced;—he came no more:
The last leaf trembled on the bough—
And his last pang of grief was o'er.

Beneath the aged oaks he sleeps;—
The angel of his childhood there
No watch around his tombstone keeps.
But when the evening stars appear,

The woodman, to his cottage bound,
Close to that grave is wont to tread;
But his rude footsteps, echo'd round,
Break not the silence of the dead.

Merslaekov.

MERSLÆKOV.

DUETT.

FIRST VOICE.

Thus the weeping shepherd spoke,
While his heart with anguish broke,
To the maiden of his bosom:
It can never be!

I shall see thee smile no more;
Thou art rich, and I am poor:
Leave me—be serene and happy—
To my misery!

SECOND VOICE.

Then the youthful shepherdess
Heaved a sigh for his distress,
Gently utter'd, calm and sorrowing,
It can never be?

Thou art mine—for ever mine;
What though poverty be thine?
They who have love's fount of riches
Know no poverty!

FIRST VOICE.

I am of unhonour'd line,
And the world alone—is mine:
How the proud, and how the noble
Will thy choice reprove!

SECOND VOICE.

Slander is their joy—they know
Nothing of affection's glow:
Ancestry and pride I seek not—
But I seek thy love!

FIRST VOICE.

Smiles and joy thy steps await:—
Misery is at my gate:
Tears are bitter—but most bitter
Tears of penitence!

SECOND VOICE.

Unpartaken pleasure cloys,
But divided woes are joys;
Where our common tears are mingled
Grief will fly from thence!

FIRST VOICE.

Corn-flowers and forget-me-not,
And narcissus, ne'er I sought;
Now I'll seek the sweetest flow'rets
For my smiling fair!

SECOND VOICE.

Strange a shepherd's life to me,
Yet a shepherdess I'll be;
Though my father's rich, I'll braid thee
Garlands for thy hair!

BOTH.

Thou hast made life's burthen lighter,
Every star and flower is brighter;
Now with thine my heart is blended,
Every thought and breath!

Tears and sorrow, if they come,
Shall not wear the garb of gloom;
Life with thee is crown'd with beauty—
Beautiful is death!

Khovansky.

KHOVANSKY.

Ya vechor v lugakh gulyala.

THROUGH the silent evening hours,
Musing on my cares, I roved;
And amused me gathering flowers,
Forming wreaths for him I loved.

Pensively I wander'd round,
Till the sun had left the plain;
Many and many a flower I found,
But *one* flower I sought in vain.

Through the solitary even
Every where that flower I sought;
'Tis a flower as blue as heaven—
'Twas in vain—I found it not.

Mournful I was homeward going,
When—a gentle rivulet nigh,
I espied that flow'ret growing—
Which I pluck'd in ecstasy.

Sweet Forget-me-not! elated,
Tears express'd my bursting thought,
And I sigh'd, and I repeated,
O my friend! Forget-me-not!

Gold and glare to me are dim—
He is dearer far than they;
They can add no charm to him—
'Maid! I love thee!' charmer, say!

National Songs.

NATIONAL SONGS.

I.

Ne golubūshka v 'chīstom pōlæ vōrkuet.

O'ER the meadow not a turtle speeds or flutters,
And the twilight no dew-drops scatters over:
In her chamber a young maiden her griefs utters,
As she thinks, drown'd in tears, of her lover:
Her bright eyes with bursting sorrow are loaded,
Her heart with disappointment has been goaded.

'My beloved! my beloved! my heart's master!'
She cried, in her agony overflowing:
Her sighs thicken'd—her tears they hurried faster—
'O some viper my bosom must be gnawing,

Some poison must my life-blood be congealing!—
No! thy absence creates this bitter feeling.

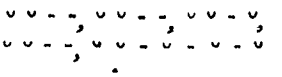
'Tis no traitor, 'tis no false one who has left me,
No vile-minded, no polluted, no cold-hearted—
How sad was the moment which bereft me—
How bitter my sorrow when we parted!
When I lost thee all was darkness about me;
Life and death are indifferent without thee.

'Twas not violence fetter'd our affection;
'Twas thy prudence, 'twas thy virtue, that enchain'd me—
In thy bosom love and friendship found protection,
And the heart that was worthy of me gain'd me:
We are pledged not—we are sworn not—for brighter
Is the chain of sweet sympathy—and tighter.

'Then return thee, my beloved! and forget not
Thou controllest all my joy and all my sorrow;—
Think of me, my heart's confidence! and let not
My thoughts any gloomier shadows borrow:

'Tis for thee—'tis for thee *alone*—that I grieve me—
Come again, thou sweet spirit! to relieve me.'

The versification of the above song is so singular, and at first sight involved, that I doubted if I ought to preserve it. It is not without harmony, and, when the accent is caught, it will, I imagine, be deemed musical.



II.

Osen blædnaya v polyakh.

Autumn's robes are on the mead,
Colder blow the breezes cold;
Sadness fills the shepherd's fold,
And the cheerful birds are fled.
All are fled—ye swains, draw near,
All your store of gladness bring:
Shepherds—shepherdesses—hear!
Gather round me while I sing.
Come—the shadowy thatch is o'er ye—
Listen to my jealous story.

Daphne, wandering, chanced to look
Towards the wood, and saw, alone,
Sporting, his beloved one,
Leaning on her pastoral crook;
Her light morning garments on—
In her hand a wreath she held,

Playing with the early sun,
In the forest and the field:
O, it was a moment meet
For a lover's heart to beat!

Forward she—he sought the wood
Swiftly—not less swift she flew—
Harder beat his bosom true—
He was left in solitude.
Like a rein-deer she is gone,
Buried in the thickest shade.
'Heaven—and faithless, treacherous one!
'Do I dream?—No!—cruel maid!
'Some heart's-robber waits thee there—
'Wretched man!—deceitful fair!'

But he reach'd the wood at last,
And he hears the rustling boughs,
Hides him midst the leaves, and vows
That his eagle eye shall blast
All her joy—her shame unveil:
Then he put the boughs aside,

But, as tutor'd to conceal,
They rebound, dissatisfied;
And he stands, a senseless thing,
When he heard his maiden sing:—

(Gods of heaven! and fiends of hell!
Ye, who e'er a heart conferr'd—
Ye, who e'er of passion heard—
Thunder were less terrible.)
'Come,' she said, 'O come, my dear!
Come, thou brightest, sweetest, best!
Sport thee with this garland here,
Sleep upon my welcoming breast;
Dwell, my joy, my pride, with me,
And my heart shall dwell with thee.'

'Vile deceiver!—fallen to this!'
And the forest echo'd round
Laughter, and the gentler sound
Of the love-conferring kiss.
Through the circling boughs he tears,
And, with fury-flashing eyes,

Met his maiden pale with fears,
And—upon her hand espies
A sweet bird that she caress'd,
And was fondling in her breast.

Canst thou, canst thou then forgive
He who dared to doubt thy truth?
'No! forgiveness, erring youth!
Ne'er with doubting love can live.'
So she spoke—his heart was broken,
Veil'd in grief and sunk in shame;
Tears, repentance' bitter token,
Fell, but could not quench the flame:
So—for love the victory wins—
She forgave him all his sins.

III.

TO MARY.

Noisy nightingale! be still,
Hear'st thou not the sweeter thrill
Of my Mary,
Of my fairy,
From the cottage? through the trees,
Born on breath of western breeze.

As the skylark from her height,
Midst the dews of opening light,
Sweetly singeth;
Joy upspringeth
From the heart that song to hear—
So I love thy voice, my dear!

Turn I towards the window-seat—
Give me one soft glance, my sweet!
Kind is Mary,
Kind my fairy,

Joyous as a summer's day
In the mildest smile of May.

Then her heart its folds unveils,
And she sings its secret tales:
Gently flowing,
Mildly glowing,
O how sweetly falls the strain!
O how fascinating then!

When upon her harpsichord
Music leads the mournful word,
And the spirit
Sighs to hear it,
Led by her in willing chain—
Who was ever like her then?

Who?—two Marys cannot be.
Mary! life's sweet witchery!
Mary! bless me,
And caress me:
Kings might envy, for thou art,
Mary! thou, my heart of heart.

Peace!—she sighs—thou window fly
Open—let me drink her sigh:
Glowing, blushing,
Thither rushing,
Could I steal one rapturous kiss—
Sing, sweet bird! thy song of bliss.

IV.[1]

Akh! kaby na tzvœti ne Morosy.

If the frost nipp'd the flowrets no more,
If in winter the flowrets would bloom,
If the woes of my spirit were o'er,
My spirit should cast off its gloom:
I would sit with my sorrow no longer,
O'erwatching the dew-covered field.
I said to my father already,
Already I said to my taper[1],
'Nay! marry me not, O my father!
O marry me not to a proud one!
O seek not for high piles of riches,
O seek not for palaces fair,
'Tis man, not his palace we dwell in,
'Tis comfort, not riches, we need!'
I hurried across the young grass,

[1] Taper burning before a saint.

I threw off my sable fur cloak,
Lest its rustling perchance might betray me,
Lest its buttons of metal might tinkle—
Afraid my stepfather would hear me,
And say, 'she is there,' to his son—
To his son—who is doom'd for my husband.

V.

Akh! kak toshno mnæ toshnen'ko.

O how gloomy has been to me
The year that speeds away,
But gloomier than all the rest to me
Gloomier than all—to-day!
I must forget my meat and drink,
And of my lover think.
I must no longer idly sleep,
But counsel seek, and keep.
Counsel—counsel must I seek,
And seek it from my lover.
Let us, let us now, my hope,
Let us live in love;
Live in love, while time runs over,
Were it but a year,
And that year will then appear
Like a little day.

Fain, my love, I'd live with thee,
But the wicked ones,
Even our next door neighbours watch
With a never-weary eye;
Every step they watch,
And to father and to mother
Tell most lying tales;
Such as that the youthful maiden
Woke at early hour,
Woke at early hour to watch her,
Watch her youthful friend;
And she stood upon the threshold
And her kerchief waved.
Truly, she did wave her kerchief
To invite her friend.
Turn again, my hopes! come hither,
Hither to my soul!
O thou com'st not!—tell me wherefore,
Wherefore art thou hidden?
Yes! they call thee, thou my treasure!
Thou wilt marry thee.
When thou hastenest to the altar,

Say farewell! to me.
Take away my woe and sorrow
From the luckless maid,
Bind her woe, and bind her sorrow
To thy horse's mane.
Scatter all the maiden's sorrow
O'er the flowerless field;
Spring there from the maiden's sorrow,
Fairest grass and turf!
Grass and turf from maiden's sorrow,
And the sweetest flowers;
All the flowers are brightly red—
One more bright than all—
One—yes, one is far more bright—
O the bright red flower!
Many and many a friend I love,
One far more than all;
One is dearer than the rest—
Loved one of my soul!

VI.

Ti vôsnoi, vôsnoi zhavoronochik.

Sing, O sing again, lovely lark of mine,
Sitting there alone amidst the green of May!

In the prison-tower the lad sits mournfully,
To his father writes—to his mother writes:
Thus he wrote—and these—these were the very words:
'O good father mine—thou beloved sir!
O good mother mine—thou beloved dame!
Ransom me, I pray—ransom the good lad,
He is your beloved—is your only son!'
Father—mother—both—both refused to hear,
Cursed their hapless race—cursed their hapless seed:
'Never did a thief our honest name disgrace—
Highwayman or thief never stain'd the name.'

Sing, O sing again, lovely lark of mine,
Sitting there alone in the green of May!

From the prison-tower thus the prisoner wrote,
Thus the prisoner wrote to his beloved maid:
'O thou soul of mine! O thou lovely maid!
Truest love of mine—sweetest love of mine!
Save—O save, I pray—save the prison'd lad!'
Swiftly, then, exclaim'd that beloved maid:
'Come, attendant! come—come my faithful nurse—
Servant faithful—you that long have faithful been,
Bring the golden key—bring the key with speed—
Ope the treasure chests—open them in haste;
Golden treasures bring—bring them straight to me:
Ransom him, I say—ransom the good lad,
He is my beloved—of my heart beloved.'

Sing, O sing again, lovely lark of mine,
Sitting there alone amidst the green of May!

VII.

Na boskhodĭ krasna solnĭshka.

When the lovely sun is mounting high,
And the bright moon leaves the morning sky;
When no falcon floats upon the air,
By the river's side a youth is seen—
Ah! he totters—slowly moving there,
His faint eye glides o'er the gardens green,
While he holds sad converse with woe and care:
Then the little birds awake and greet
Bridegroom and bride, in raptures sweet
They flap their wings in ecstasy:
My turtle!—all—yes! all but thou,
Who slumberest in thy chamber now,
Nor sighest—nor sendst a thought to me—
No! I am banish'd from her dreams—
My memory now no longer gleams
In her heart—my soul's bright hours are o'er—
Nadesha will be mine no more!

From her chamber then the maiden sped,
And grief was on her cheeks distrest;
And her eyes with sorrow's tears were red,
Her arms hung down—she is not dead,
For no arrow has transfix'd her breast,
And no venomous snake has poison'd her:
He would speak—but he was forced to hear:
'Now fare thee well, thou loving one!
My soul!—my father's best loved son!
Last eve I was affianced—
Oh! and the guests to-morrow come:
They will lead me to God's holy shrine,
Call me another's—wretched doom!
Another's——but for ever thine.'

VIII.

Akh! daleche v chistom polæ.

Alas! on that plane, distant meadow towers
A little tree, whose branches raise them high,
And neath those branches grows the emerald grass,
And o'er the grass full many a floweret blooms,
There many a flowerèt blooms as blue as heav'n.
And on those flowerets was a carpet spread,
And on that carpet sat two brothers lone,
Two lonely brothers, link'd in strongest love:
The elder brother waked the cymbal's voice,
To which the younger's sweetest hymns were join'd:
'Two sons, our mother gave us to the world,
Our father like two falcons rear'd his boys;
He rear'd and fed us—yet he taught us nought—
But rear'd us on this wide and foreign land:
A wide and foreign land—the town unknown;

Wide foreign land—dry even without the wind—
Dry without wind, and chilly without frost.
Our mother deem'd we never should get free,
But we have freed us in this happy hour,
And now, O mother! thou wilt find us not.'

IX.

Tï dusha moya.

'O THOU soul of mine,
Gentle maid divine!
Thou who didst possess
All this heart of mine,
Sit not, my love's light!
Watching through the night:
Waxen taper now
Burn no more, I pray,
Wait me now no more
Till the break of day!
All our hope is over,
And betrothed thy lover;
And I came to ask
For thy last farewell,
And my gratitude
For past love to tell.'

Hardly had he spoken,
Hardly had he said—
Sobbing—spirit-broken—
Wept the lovely maid:
Melting into tears,
Trembling in her fears,
Firmly yet she cried:
'Give me, treacherous thing,
Give my golden ring:
Take the knife of steel
Which thou once hadst given,
Let its blade be driven
To my heart—and feel
How it burnt for thee,
While thou murderedst me!'

'Weep not, gentle maid!
Weep no more, I pray;
I shall often come,
Come from day to day:
I shall love thee more—
Better—than before.'

But she wept again,
Lovely maid!—she wept,
And her tearful eye
On the traitor kept.
Never is the sun
Brighter than in June:
Love can never see
Twice its burning noon.

X.

Perestan' stonatæ Kukushechka.

Listen yet a while, thou cuckoo dear!
Call not, call not thou so sadly there!
For without thy notes my heart is torn,
Sicken'd, and dejected, and forlorn!
For the sun his lovely face has shrouded,
Frowning sits he in his palace clouded,
And the lovely maid is full of grief,
And that grief will never find an end—
Never find an end—for how can she,
How can she forget her bosom's friend?
Not an hour—not even a moment—he,
He is present at the dawn of day,
At the nightfall—eve—and morning's ray.
O he left the lovely maiden—he
Left the maiden for a little week—
For a week—but six months sped away—
Six long months—'twas an eternity.

XI.

Chernovrovoi, chernoglazoi.

Hazel-eyebrow'd, hazel-eyed,
Thou audacious boy,
Why hast thou bewitch'd my heart,
And to grief betray'd?
Can the summer sun be cold,
Can the light be shade,
Can the heart exist on earth
Uninspired by love?
Does the sunshine cease to smile
When the floweret fades?
Is the heart untouch'd by love
When the heart is sad?

'Tis no lawless love that dwells
In my inner heart:
I will fly and seek my mate,
Like the bird in spring.

I will show him all his gifts,
Every kerchief sent;
He shall see those kerchiefs steam
With my burning tears!
On thy bosom dry them, dry
Those hot, burning tears;
Or commingle them with thine,
They will sweeter flow.

Hear! on the damp hedge a noise,
Snow-clouds on the field—
Stormy winds are gathering round,
Broken is the way.
Tarry in thy little cage,
O thou gentle bird,
Thou canst open not with tears
Yonder prison, dear!
Tell to thy affianced now
Some old tale of joy.

Never alone should a lovely maid
Wander across the field;

Never the maiden's wandering eye
Should the handsome swains pursue;
Never the maid should dare to love,
To love the handsome swain:
But the maid should watch her tender heart
With ever-present care.

XII.

Pover'kh dubchika.

On an oak there sate
A turtle with his mate—
There in amorous meeting
One another greeting,
Each with flapping wing
All its joy repeating.
Swift a vulture sprung,
Eagle-eyed and young,
And he bore away
That poor turtle gray—
That poor turtle gray,
With his ruby feet,
On the oak-tree wood
Spilt the turtle's blood:
All the plumage soft
O'er the meadow driven;
All his down aloft
Borne by winds of heaven.

O how desolate
Sat the mourning mate;
How she groan'd and sigh'd
While her turtle died.
'Weep not—why complain,
Little turtle, love?'
Said the vulture then
To the widow'd dove,
'O'er the azure sea
I will bring to thee
Flocks of turtles, where
Thou shalt choose thy dear,
Choose thy lover sweet,
Choose the brightest, best,
With a fair gray breast,
And with ruby feet.'

'Fly not, murderous bird!
O'er the azure sea!'
Thus the dove was heard
Answering mournfully:
'Bring no flocks to me
O'er the azure sea;

Can their presence be
Comfort to my breast?
Will they bring to me
The father of my nest?'

XIII.

Ti prokodish' dorogaja.

Au! thou hurriest by the convent,
My beloved one!
Ah! the convent where the wretched monk
Lives despairing.
'Twas by force he was conducted here,
And devoted!
O remove this hood, my dearest one,
O remove it!
Take away this frock, my fairest one,
I beseech thee.
Lay thy soft—O lay thy snowy hand
On my bosom;
Feel my heart—how my throbbing heart
Beats and trembles

With the flowing blood entangled,
Deeply sighing!
From thy countenance of gladness
Tears of sorrow
Drop! Come, contemplate with pity
My fate's darkness;
I will ask not for forgiveness
Of my errors,
But that thou mayst love me—love me,
Thou, my angel!

THE END.

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